

The TATLER

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London, March 12, 1930

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Chas. B. Bulloch

AT HOLLYWOOD: MR. ALISTER MACDONALD AND MISS MARY PICKFORD

The Prime Minister's eldest son, who is an architect by profession, during his recent visit to the cinema capital of the world was much interested in the actual work involved in the production of a talkie, and he could have had no better instructress than the charming little lady seen in this picture. An ex-Prime Minister's son, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, bids fair to take very high place in the ranks of film authors and producers, and it remains to be seen whether the son of the present Premier will be similarly bitten with enthusiasm in the same direction

The Letters of Eve



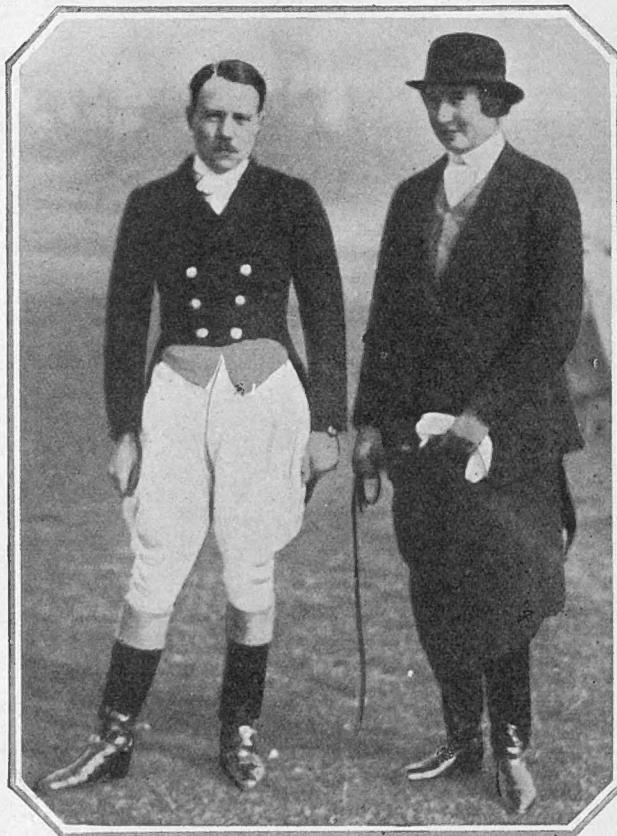
AT THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HUNT BALL

Front row—Mr. E. R. Courage, Miss Ursula Stracey-Clitherow, Miss Page Lewis, Mrs. St. Claire-Walbridge, Miss Barbara Stracey-Clitherow, Miss Jean Crichton-Maitland, Mr. A. C. Fleury; back row—Miss Pamela Courage, Miss Audrey Courage, Mr. J. W. Birkbeck, Mr. St. Claire-Walbridge, Captain J. L. B. Bentley, Mr. C. Briggs, Mr. C. L. Handley-Derry, and Mr. M. V. Fletcher. Mr. Edward Courage and his sisters are the son and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Courage of Edgcote, and hunt mainly with the Bicester

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
DEAREST,—Quite kaleidoscopic, haven't they been, the changes in the political situations during the last few weeks. In each succeeding letter that I've written to you there has been something new to comment on. And with the pancakes of Shrove Tuesday and the ashes of the first day of Lent came the great *dénouement*. And what a *dénouement*. The Conservatives, now happy and united after their first horrified and fearful awakening from their long sleep. And the leaders of the New Empire Party happy in the knowledge, as only real altruists can be, that having been born to attain a certain object, their final immolation has contributed so largely to its achievement.

* * *

Meanwhile no one, except Mr. Snowden himself, seems to be much wiser as to what the Budget, now only about three weeks away, has in store for all of us. As Mr. Winston Churchill found the other night in Parliament when the battle of wits and words between himself and the Chancellor provided some very good entertainment for the more disinterested onlookers. Does any lay mind, I wonder, really

ARTHUR OWEN
LORD DORMER AND HIS SISTER THE HON.
ROSAMUND DORMER

At the North Warwickshire's Hunt Ball meet. Miss Dormer is Lord Dormer's youngest sister and came out last year. The North Warwickshire have had a capital season, and the Joint Mastership of Mrs. J. B. Arkwright and Mr. Jackson is being a great success

BATE
GREGALACH'S OWNER

Mrs. Gemmell (left) attends a Fernie appointment with Mrs. Weber Brown. The owner of Gregalach, last year's National winner, and so far favourite for the blue riband of 'chasing, is the wife of Colonel Gemmell of Peasling Hall, a well-known Fernie personality

understand why a Labour Government should tend to increase unemployment here by taking off the McKenna duties? How many thousands of American cars is it that have already been dumped here on the chance that it will? What does seem certain is that there are a good many millions to be raised, and that it will be required of us to find them.

* * *

The news of the Prince's recovery followed so closely on the announcement that he had been ill that we were spared much anxiety about him. By now I expect he is quite fit and well again, and carrying on with his interrupted big game hunting. Does he regret his lost season of hunting down in Leicestershire, I wonder? By the way it is a curious thing that whenever there is any kind of hunting casualty, serious or trivial, with the Quorn or the Cottesmore, and the Duke of Gloucester happens to be out, the fact is always solemnly reported as though he had some sinister influence which had led to it. By the way, the Beaufort Point-to-Point is just too late to talk about in my letter this week, so it must

wait until next and form the prelude to the Cheltenham meeting, where half the hunting enthusiasts in the country will be gathered to-day.

* * *

A good many dances and a great many weddings were packed into the last few days before Lent, which affects the latter rather more than the former. One of the best of these was given by Lady FitzGerald at her house in Mansfield Street for her granddaughter, Miss Pamela Wellesley. There was a good sprinkling of the Wellesley family, including Lord Gerald and lovely little Lady Anne, who, I am glad to hear is much better and much stronger than she was some months ago. Other pretty women and eligible young men to be seen dancing were Lady Nunburnholme, whose small baby has been one of the many victims of bad colds, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord Fincastle, and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice.

* * *

Lady Katherine has already had one coming-out dance, for Lady Lansdowne gave one for her down at Bowood about Christmas time. But she is to have a London one at the beginning of May. On the 6th, I think. Just about that time there will be several rather specially important dances for rather special debutantes. For Lady Howard de Walden is bringing out her eldest daughter, Bronwen, who is a twin to the son and heir, and giving a dance for her on the 9th. And five days later Lady Helen Cassel will entertain for her daughter Hermione. And this dance will be at Brook House, that miniature palace at the corner of Brook Street and Park Lane belonging to her cousin, Lady Louis Mountbatten, who spends so little of her time there, and is even at this moment thousands of miles away in California.

* * *

Even in these days of very young-looking mothers it seems almost incredible that the eldest of Lady Howard de Walden's quite large family should already be of debutante age. She is one of the lucky ones, with an ideal home for entertaining, as Seaford House in Belgrave Square is one of the few remaining "big mansions of the great"! And how many of these will be left after another ten years? Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, up to now, have gone in more for small



THE HON. HENRY DUNDAS COMES OF AGE *Batmain*

At Melville Castle, Lasswade, Midlothian, Viscount Melville's seat, on the 5th. The Hon. Henry Dundas is the son and heir, and has a younger brother, who was born in 1912, and two sisters, who are both older than their brothers. Lady Melville was Miss Agnes Brouncker, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Brouncker of Boveridge Park, Cranborne, Dorset



LORD AND LADY CRAWSHAW

Hadley

After their wedding last week at St. Mary's, Clifton, Notts. Lady Crawshaw was Miss Sheila Clifton, and is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. P. R. Clifton of Clifton Hall. Lord Crawshaw is Lord of the Manor of Long Whatton. His seat is Whatton, Loughborough, Leicestershire

parties than for big crushes, preferring to entertain just their intimate friends and not the hordes of acquaintances from whom it is not always easy to distinguish the gate-crashers. Both of them are real music-lovers, and there have been many concerts, both private and public, at Seaford House. Lady Howard is at this moment in Paris, where her daughter is at a well-known finishing school, and will stay there till the end of the month.

* * *

Last week had its usual complement of births, christenings, and new engagements. A baby for lovely Mrs. Jebb, who was Miss Cynthia Noble. And a whole constellation of stars of the theatrical world as godfathers and godmothers for Miss Gladys Cooper's, or rather Lady Pearson's, small daughter. Of the new engagements, the one just announced between Miss Betty Holford and Mr. John Wingfield Digby has aroused a great deal of interest down in the west country, to which part of the world both of them belong. Mr. Digby's father owned that lovely place, Sherborne Castle. Another engagement just out, though known to intimate friends for the last two months or so, is Miss June Looker's to Mr. Edward Estcourt. They are to be married about the middle of June I believe. Miss Looker has just come back after a month's visit to Madeira.

* * *

Everyone one meets seem to be moving. Either just returning home or just going away. And there is special activity among the diplomats, for while the Bulgarian Minister has returned from Sofia and the Chinese Ambassador will be back from New York at the end of the month, the Swedish Minister and Madame Palmstierna are spending this next week or two in the South of France, and the Spanish Ambassador is in Rome. Lord and Lady D'Abernon will be leaving Rome, where they have been spending the winter in the palazzo they took some years ago, at the beginning of next month, and are coming to England till the autumn. I hope, by the way, that there is some truth in the rumours that the Italian royal bride and bridegroom, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, are coming to visit us this year. There is talk, too, of the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway coming over, and also of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, though that seems a little less likely considering the announcement which was made last week.

(Continued on p. 464)

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COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD AND MRS. WYNDHAM

At the Bicester Point-to-Point at Somerton last week. There were big fields and an excellent card. The Hon. Edward Wyndham is a brother of Lord Leconfield, the famous Master of his own hounds

and Lady Jellicoe and her daughter, Lady Norah. And Egypt is finishing its season for English visitors, Sir Ian Malcolm and Lady Evelyn Cobbold being among the latest to return, and the Carsons being due back on Friday. Lord and Lady Islington, too, are home from Spain, where they have a lovely place of their own, and where they have been since soon after the New Year. Now they are at Rushbrooke, where they will stay until after Easter. Other returned travellers include Lord and Lady Sackville who have been to the States, and Lord and Lady Decies who have been on a trip to the Isles of the Blest. I gather that Lady Decies must be a better sailor than her husband, for he made the return journey overland while she came all the way by sea.

* * *

The two theatrical events of last week were the preliminary try-out up at Manchester of Mr. C. B. Cochrane's *New 1930 Revue*, and Tallulah's first night of *La Dame aux Camélias* at the Garrick. What a pity they didn't keep the French title as it is, instead of just making a literal and far less euphonious translation. Still that is the least important part, and the enthusiasm in that packed theatre on Wednesday was not just because it was a first-night audience. Everyone seemed to appreciate the old-fashioned romance and sentiment which is so far from the romance and sentiment of the present day. Perhaps a few regretted that it is no longer as it was, though they would probably find some difficulty in living up to it. And Tallulah herself was quite wonderful, revealing herself as a far greater actress than many who have only seen her in the cocktail and undress type of play had realised.

* * *

Her acting in this play will about double her personal popularity, of which we had some very tangible evidence on the first night, for large detachments of the police force had to

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Most of the West Indies "trippers" are back in England now, including the Allenbys, Lord Listowel,

be sent to keep back the enormous crowds, and even then it was difficult to battle one's way through to one's car. Among the crowd inside were the Duchess of Rutland, that very clever and attractive girl, Miss Avril Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. Beith, Miss Valerie French, who was looking quite exquisitely pretty I thought, Miss Romaine Combe, Commander and Mrs. James Cavendish, Lady Fitzherbert, and Mr. Frank Leveson, who gave a supper party for Tallulah after the play.

* * * * *

The Cochran first night seems to have delighted Manchester and all the enthusiasts who made the special journey up there to see it. Mr. Beverley Nichols and the incomparable Serge Lifar, Ada May, and Maisie Gay, lovely chorus girls, good dancing, and enchanting music have all contributed to make something even better than Mr. Cochran has given us before. And that is saying a good deal when one remembers the lovely shows he has been putting on for the last ten years and more.

* * * * *



AT CATTERICK 'CHASES LAST WEEK

Sir Edward and Lady Hanmer and A. Waudby, the steeplechase jockey, who rode Sir Edward Hanmer's Sardonyx in the Masham Handicap Steeplechase, in which he finished fifth. Sir Edward Hanmer was formerly a Captain in the Yeomanry and was attached to the R.A.F.

More pictures of this event in next week's TATLER

Heart," which some of us already know from the American records, and which, by the way, cost one famous band a large sum of money because they played it in public before its time.—All my love to you, dearest, yours ever, EVE.



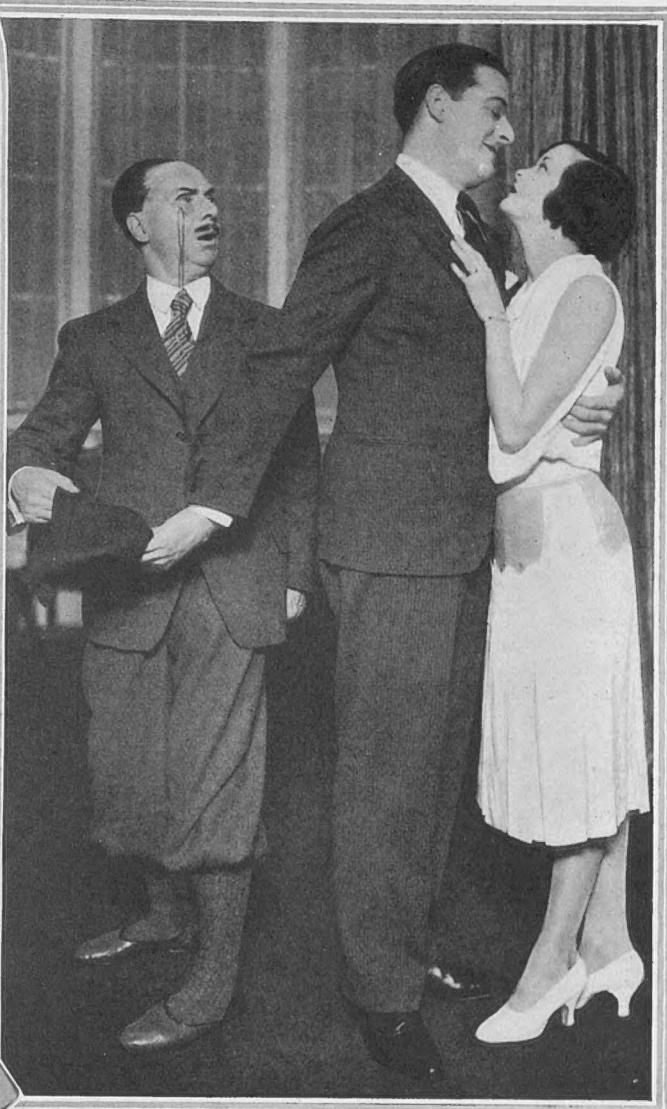
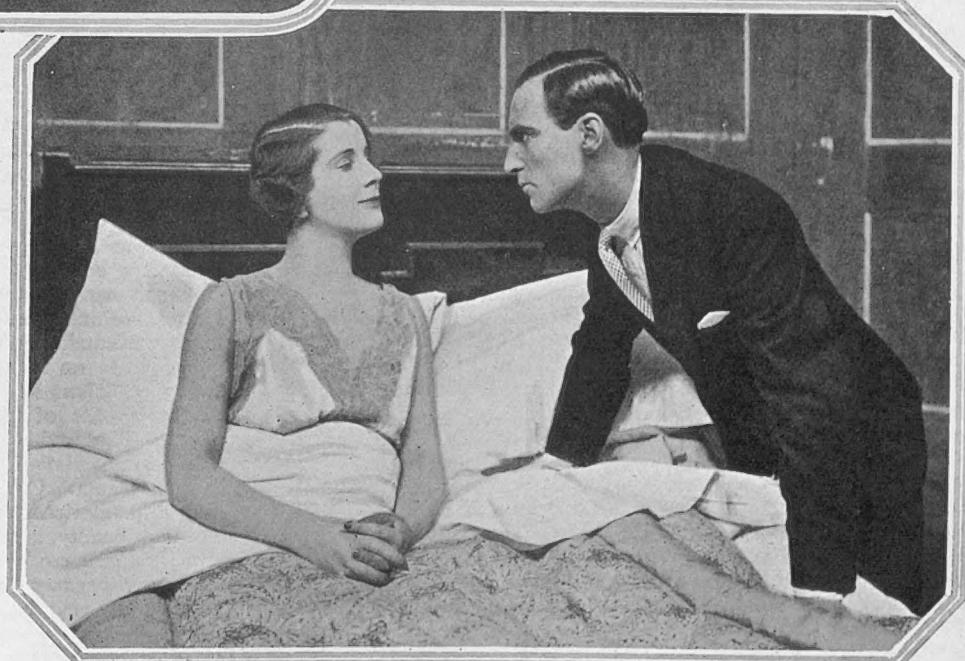
LADY DALKEITH AND SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD

Sir Humphrey de Trafford was third on his own horse, Weedon, in the Bicester Hunt Members' Light-weight Race, which was won by Miss Mann-Thompson's Jack-in-the-Box. Lady Dalkeith is the wife of the Joint Master of the Buccleuch, Lord Dalkeith.

The Play's the Thing

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN
"LA DAME AUX CAMELLIAS"

Miss Tallulah Bankhead wears some beautiful frocks and looks particularly beautiful in them, in the leading rôle of Dumas' famous play, but whether she or even the great actress who created the Lady, the Divine Sara, ever makes an essentially theatrical part really effective is a moot point. The revival is having a big success at the Garrick. "Odd Numbers," in which Mr. Huntley Wright (a hen-pecked father-in-law), Mr. Harry Kendall (the centre of the storm in a night club), and Miss Rita Page thoroughly enjoy themselves, has made very good at the Comedy. Miss Diana Wynyard, as the lady who in the intriguing bedroom scene in Mr. Pertwee's clever play at the St. Martin's says: "I do the turning down," has had a real triumph, and added much lustre to an already brilliant record.

Stage Photo Co.
"ODD NUMBERS" AT THE COMEDY: MR. HUNTLEY
WRIGHT, MR. HARRY KENDALL, AND MISS RITA PAGEStage Photo Co.
MISS DIANA WYNYARD (URSULA) AND MR. ROBERT HOLMES (HARRY)
IN "HONOURS EASY" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

Tragedy in Shaftesbury Avenue

OME writers contract the bad habit of never quoting from their own works. I personally do not suffer from this pusillanimity. One does not refuse to say good morning because one has used the phrase before, and if I want to say something very much indeed, the fact that I have said it elsewhere shall not stop me. I shall therefore quote a score of words or so from my contribution to Mr. C. B. Cochran's "Review of Revues": "The English boast about Shakespeare and, except for a few humble people in the Waterloo Road, hate him worse than they do the Devil. *Tickle 'Em and Run* will draw every Rolls-Royce in London; no car of any make ever draws up at the Old Vic. The English ceased to be playgoers as soon as there was anything else to go to. We are now a race of footballers and cricketers, and Lord's and the Stadium at Wembley are our holy ground." By that I stick, and with a limpetry which not all the principalities and powers shall serve to get the better of! If I could stick to anything more tightly it would be the view that as soon as there is any more foolish spectacle to attend the English will cease to be cinema-goers. Let not the reader be affrighted; the foregoing is only my modest, unassuming way of stating that the film-fan in this country, as doubtless everywhere else, needs must loathe the highest when he sees it. My reason for the above statement? One reason and one only—the delicious little theatre known as the Avenue Pavilion is to be closed, and I have attended my last performance there.

Now, shall we be quite clear and explicit about this? And can it be arranged, dear reader, that in this connection nobody misunderstands anybody? That would be altogether pleasant and unusual; but one is not an optimist for nothing. I do not blame the Gaumont Company for abandoning this house; indeed I would rather seize the occasion to express my gratitude for the many hours of delightful entertainment I have enjoyed there and for the always exquisite courtesy of the management. This little theatre, as everybody ought to have known, was used by the Gaumont Company to show the best that had been done, whether commercially successful or not, by film-makers in all countries. Thus we saw French, German, Swedish, Russian, and Chinese as well as American films; and out of the many, many shows that I saw there I can only recall one which seemed to me to be dull, dismal, and unentertaining, the film in question being *The Fall of the House of Usher*. In other words the Avenue Pavilion was a Film Society reduced to practical weekly politics. The result was that the poor little theatre became reduced, in the sense that gentlewomen become reduced, and there is a point in decay beyond which even gentility cannot keep alive. People simply wouldn't go to the little cinema where the seating was comfortable, the music pleasant, and the entertainment such as I have described. Excuse-makers—and readers charmingly perusing this page are probably racking their brains for some reason why they never went—cannot allege that the place was ungetatable; it was not in remoter Paddington or coyer Pimlico, but in full flaunting Shaftesbury Avenue with a flag outside which almost tickled the noses of our elegants scurrying between the comedy of *Dear Love* at one end of the Avenue and the drama of cheap love at the other. It is not to be supposed that the Gaumont Company hoped to make this place pay. To keep it going at all was the kind of luxury which some rich men and companies occasionally—very, very occasionally—permit themselves. But even the owner of a pearl-fishery must get tired of throwing pearls before swine, and the Gaumont Company are now going to find another use for their theatre, a resolution which would not have been made had the theatre enjoyed more reasonable patronage. But it didn't. You cannot call two Bloomsbury poets an audience.

I shall not forget the last film I saw at the Avenue Pavilion, Mr. Anthony Asquith's *A Cottage on Dartmoor*. This is an extraordinarily good picture in which life is credibly raised to the film-plane. Obviously nobody to-day wants to see Shakespeare's *Othello* staged. The reader who contradicts had better stage it and see! But imagine that Othello is a barber with Cassio in the chair and Desdemona manicuring Cassio a trifle more attentively than need be. Should not that be the goods? Othello's rage mounts to the required frenzy. There is no Iago in the film, but that does not matter for it is not necessary for anybody to prove the barber's love a whore. Start not, reader; the word is Shakespeare's, not mine. At the moment of conviction the razor is at Cassio's windpipe. The down-stroke has been completed and the razor turned ready to deal with the up-stroke. Now Othello's epilepsy begins. "Move or speak," he says to Cassio, "and I cut your throat!" At that moment the manager of the saloon approaches. "Everything to your satisfaction, sir?" he asks of Cassio. And Cassio faintly smiles.

The manager turns away, the barber's fit grows, and a second later Cassio is on the floor gurgling horribly. Surely one might be forgiven for thinking that this is again the goods? Add that Mr. Asquith thinks in terms of the cinema and has a definite eye for beauty in composition, and here you would say is a picture to which people must go. But did they?

On the other hand, I went the following evening to the Metropole, which is a charming house near Victoria Station. There I saw a dreadful talkie called *The Cocoanuts*, which I take to be the film version of the most awesome musical comedy which even I with my vast experience have ever seen. "You come to a viaduct," said one Jewish comedian to another. And his colleague interrupted, "Vy a duck? Vy not a chicken?" This is a fair sample of the Yiddish humours which kept the house continually in a roar. About a quarter-past ten the theatre half-emptied itself, and to my great surprise I found myself thrilled to the marrow by the best piece of Grand Guignolism I have ever witnessed in a cinema. The thriller

was called *The Night Ride*, and I found myself watching the hands of the clock and wishing they would not go so fast. The story was about a reporter (Joseph Schildkraut) who gave away a gangster, played most fiendishly well by an unnamed actor. The gangster bombed the house containing the reporter's bride, and then took the reporter at the pistol-point in his motor-launch to torture and death. But the gangster fell into the water and was repeatedly saved from drowning by the reporter, bashed and thrown back into the sea, etc., etc., including ultimate capture and the death-chair. Altogether one of the most fascinating bits of revenge I have come across for a long time. But the audience undoubtedly preferred the Jewish viaduct.

As I write an invitation comes summoning me to the trade-showing of *Men Without Women*, alleged to deal "with the fight for life of thirteen men entombed in a sunken submarine." The invitation is accompanied by a "throwaway" alluding to the film's Terrific Intensity, Virile Characterisation, Dynamic Drama. Opening the "throwaway," I observe in one corner an American sailor examining the tattooed knee of a bejewelled beauty, in another corner a warrant officer flirting with a Japanese cow-girl, and in yet another corner a crowd of sailors paying court to a shy and modest saloon Jezebel. I shall certainly visit *Men Without Women*; these three ladies being apparently not women at all, but—God bless us!—things of naught, as Dogberry said. Dynamic Drama? M'yes! With the dynamite supplied by Clara Bow? We shall see.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii



MISS GWEN LEE WITH HER HANDS FULL

The twins have not yet made their début on the films but Miss Gwen Lee is a very well known American film star but started her professional career as a dancer

AT THE TEDWORTH POINT-TO-POINT



"DIGGLE" WOULD HAVE A DART OVER THE OBSTACLES

An amusing and quite unusual incident at the Tedworth Point-to-Point. "Diggle," a golden retriever owned by Captain Carleton-Smith, broke away when one of the 'chases was being run, and jumped four of the fences like an Aintree performer—in fact better than most horses can or do jump!



MR. AND MRS. B. D. S. PORTER AND MRS. GLADSTONE

Two more snapshots at the Tedworth Point-to-Point, which was run at Penton, near Andover, last week. Mr. B. D. S. Porter is in the K.D.G.'s, and so is Major T. H. Gladstone, whose wife is in the same group. Major Gladstone won the Heavy-weights Race on his own *Rex*, and Sir Peter Farquhar, who was in the 16/5 Lancers and formerly in The Greys, won the Light-weights on his own *The Cat*. Lieut.-Colonel Macdougal was the starter. The K.D.G.'s and The Bays are at Tidworth, also The Greys, who came to Tidworth from Edinburgh, relieving the 16/5 Lancers

SIR PETER FARQUHAR AND LIEUT.-COLONEL MACDOUGAL

Two more snapshots at the Tedworth Point-to-Point, which was run at Penton, near Andover, last week. Mr. B. D. S. Porter is in the K.D.G.'s, and so is Major T. H. Gladstone, whose wife is in the same group. Major Gladstone won the Heavy-weights Race on his own *Rex*, and Sir Peter Farquhar, who was in the 16/5 Lancers and formerly in The Greys, won the Light-weights on his own *The Cat*. Lieut.-Colonel Macdougal was the starter. The K.D.G.'s and The Bays are at Tidworth, also The Greys, who came to Tidworth from Edinburgh, relieving the 16/5 Lancers

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

THE gratitude of ourselves and the local charities are due to those who produced, organized, and acted in the really first-class tableaux last week. An act of great sacrifice on "Roland's" part to shave off his moustache to do Napoleon. It probably won't regain its bloom till he gets his summer coat. To judge by Horatio, sailors *do* care, and are very fair judges too. "Jack" did himself rather better than King Hal in his choices, the Baroness looked like breaking her snake in half, and even corkscrew pants and small sixes in brass shin-guards couldn't detract from the majestic performance of Mark J. Anthony, jun. Friday at Scrafford worked out according to schedule a suburban fox being eaten in a rough field near Leicester before he was fully awake, followed by a nice ten minutes from Scrafford Covert to Botany Bay, after which hounds worked with admirable patience on a failing scent all over the mountains above the Château Sludge till they marked in Lord Morton's Covert. A very jolly twenty minutes in the evening from one of the Baggrave Spinneys to the Coplow. Harry Tate grossly underdrew his motoring sketch, and Harold asking "if the sparking plug was in line with the carburettor papa" was nothing compared with the trials of the owner-driver who didn't know how to change a wheel at 2 a.m., while his precious freight offered advice, badinage, and abuse till 4 a.m. But why pay a man twice what a Cabinet Minister is worth and leave him at home? The freight also asked this question on the way home, if not on the way out. Monday in blazing sunshine with the dust flying seemed hardly like fox-hunting, but hounds ran well in the morning from Welby Osiers, and hunted nicely in the evening from Lord Aylesford's. The race-course being hurdled off marks the beginning of the end, and the appearance of the "Hospital" horse is another fore-runner. This animal, which was going the best on Friday, will be drawn for I am asked to state by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, at the Hospital Ball, March 15. Tickets, price £1, can be obtained from Mrs. Crawford, Burrough-on-the-Hill, Somerby, Leicestershire.

From the Beaufort

On Tuesday most people were delighted to hear that the meet was changed to Newton Lodge at one o'clock, which meant another two hours to recover, and many came to the meet still feeling slightly foggy and fat-headed after the night before, but then, alas, it was too hard to hunt and hounds went off to Lower Woods to try their luck there, and the majority of the field were confronted with the problem of either going back to bed or going for a hack by themselves. Some of the more amicable went in couples! Wednesday's sudden change to spring weather dispelled any trace of scent there might otherwise have been and poor sport followed. A lot of money left the country last week. Are we in for a spell of what Melton is just recovering from? On Friday sport in the morning was poor, but there was a nice hunt in the evening over the walls from Lowndes Covert to Marshfield at a good pace. We were all pleased to see Simon had recovered from his sudden indisposition and was able to take up his duties again. Saturday started well, thanks to Len, but foxes were hard to find, they having all joined the Beaverbrook party. The Little Girl in the huntsman's cap looked too sweet, and is a regular "chip of

the old block." May she inherit the same wonderful nerve. We hope Mr. Carter is none the worse, and that the skewbald is breathing again more freely. Monday's Eton long leave meet was a pleasant day to ride about, and we were always hunting something, but there were too many gates for some of the thrusters like Timmy, Martin, and Hudie. On Tuesday foxes were plentiful but weak, and could not stand up for more than a few fields, hounds killing three in less than no time. It is hoped that Colonel Walter Brinton's back is not badly damaged.

From Warwickshire

Good sport again to chronicle. Thursday gave us a fast forty-five minutes from Blakemore, and though it was a circle it was a large and complete one—cram full of incident and fences. Gladys was fortunate enough to fall the right side of the

brook as did Jimmy Pearse, while his better half removed a post and rails so handsomely and completely that, in Shakespearian language, she left not a "wrack" behind. Undoubtedly that concertina hat contained not only a rough but a sore head after crashing on tarmac, while the lady who gave an entrancing imitation of a Catherine wheel must also have felt far from acrobatic next day. On Friday hounds ran very fast indeed for more than an hour from Tyne Hill by Traitor's Ford to Whichford Wood and on to Weston, a good hunt this, with a point of quite four miles. Later there were two more gallops, altogether a busy day for horses and hounds. Three intrepid sportsmen got laid out during the chase; one was an entire stranger hailing from God knows where, but to the relief of the good Samaritans beside him, when he recovered consciousness his first words were "Take me to Kate," and as there is but one Kate in all this countryside, his wish was gratified. The North Warwick hounds have had a specially good season up to

date, Dawe winning golden opinions, while the genial personality of the Joint Masters and their able secretary have all combined to make every day worth while to those who habitually follow their fortunes. The fatal accident with the Wexford hounds, to Mrs. Toby Lakin, has caused a grievous sense of loss to the many friends here who loved her and admired her courage and horsemanship. There are sad hearts to-day at the thought that the "Electric Hare" will never again speed over a Warwickshire furrow.

From the Belvoir

These hounds showed great sport on Wednesday from the meet at Stonesby. They killed their first fox after a short burst from Stonesby Ashes. They then got away close to a good fox from one of the Bretingham Spinneys, and ran hard over a lovely line by Freeby Village, and on over the brook near Garthorpe. They continued by Dysart's new plantation before swinging left-handed past Coston Covert, and on through Buckingham Park and over the Green Lane, where they killed their fox after a splendid gallop of seventy minutes with a seven-mile point. The Duke of Gloucester had a day on the Lincolnshire side on Friday from Little Ponton Hall. There was a good hunt from Boothby Big Wood in the afternoon to Ropsley Rise. Saturday again provided the best sport of the week. Hounds got away on good terms with a fox from Normanton Little Covert, and ran hard for Staunton Park, then swung left-handed

(Continued on p. vii)



WITH THE MEATH: LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR,
MRS. BAGGALLAY, AND MR. J. D. G. CHAYTOR

On the day the Meath met at Slane Castle, Frances, Marchioness of Conyngham's seat. Lady Millicent Taylour is Lord and Lady Headfort's daughter, and is to be married to Mr. Henry Tiarks on April 28 in London. Mr. Baggallay was hon. sec. of the Meath Hunt Ball. Mr. Chaytor is in the 14/20 Hussars

A VARIETY OF OCCASIONS



VISITING THE "CONVERSATION PIECES" EXHIBITION: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice and (right) Lady Ribblesdale at 25, Park Lane. Sir Philip Sassoon's house



LORD AND LADY POLTIMORE: At the Dulverton Hunt Puppy Show



Graphic Studios, Dublin
IN IRELAND: Miss Désirée de Courcy Wheeler and her brother Tom with their dogs



AT 25, PARK LANE: Mrs. Edward Worthington bound for the Exhibition of the moment



Vivyan Poole, Dublin
AT DURROW ABBEY: Mr. and Mrs. Otway Graham-Toler at home in King's County

The recently-opened Exhibition of "Conversation Pieces" at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane has, as was anticipated, aroused tremendous interest, and among those who made a point of being early visitors were Lady Curzon of Kedleston's son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice, Lady Ribblesdale, and Mrs. Edward Worthington. The pictures, which are of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth-century period, with the works of Zoffany and Stubbs forming the nucleus of the Exhibition, hang in the vast mirror ballroom, and have been loaned for the benefit of the Great Northern Hospital, of which Sir Philip Sassoon is honorary treasurer. Lord Poltimore has been Master of the Dulverton Hounds since 1920, and the kennels are at his home, Court Hall, in North Devon, where the Puppy Show was recently held. Lady Poltimore is a cousin of Lord Harewood. Miss Désirée de Courcy Wheeler and her brother are the children of Sir William de Courcy Wheeler, the distinguished Irish surgeon, and the Hon. Lady de Courcy Wheeler, the poet-playwright. Miss de Courcy Wheeler, who was presented last year, has herself published some poems. Mr. Otway Graham-Toler, whose ancestral home was destroyed during the Irish "war" and has just been rebuilt, is heir-presumptive to Lord Norbury

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Life's One Great Adventuring.

ONE of us are really happy until we have found the job which we can do and in doing it can express the essence, so to speak, of what is *us*. People who spend their lives hunting after happiness in mere amusement invariably find themselves at last in an arid kind of garden, simply boring the equally utterly bored. Which always makes people with a hobby so much more delightful companions than the people who are simply nice, because you don't know what else to say about them. The man or woman who doesn't make of his or her life at least an effort after some big adventure adds immeasurably to the dreariness which is merely social life. Say what you like against the wicked, they are always vital, and after all, if you know their weakness you can always avoid becoming entangled in it. If you can't express yourself in your own life it is a tragedy indeed. The woman who is a mother at heart, yet perhaps has never married, or has no children though she be a wife; the artist chained by relentless duty to a desk; the cripple who was born with the instincts of a ballerina; the "Sarah Bernhardt" who achieves five-foot nothing and was born with an incurable squint; the student whom fate has made a bus-conductor working an eight-hour day with a nagging wife at the beginning and end of it; the luckless woman who, taking the wrong turning, can never find her way back again—these, chosen at random, are the real tragedies of life, though nobody recognises them because outwardly they are so undramatic. There is no blood about them; they do not force either their victims or those who stand outside and watch to the brink of tears. And so I do not always pity the failure, often pitiable though his failure may be. He has had all the fun of trying to get there, and quite often that is much more thrilling than the mere arrival. His life, after all, has been a serious effort in self-expression, and therein alone the most satisfactory happiness lies. I am quite sure that at the end of life, when in solitude most of us look back, our more numerous regrets are not for the wicked things we have done (as the virtuous like to suppose), but for the things which we left undone, the happiness we dared not risk. Had I my life to live over again I don't think I would pray for greater virtue; at least, not until long after I had prayed fervently for infinitely less *Fear*. It is fear which for the most part drags down our lives to the level of

drab nothingness. Comparative happiness always lies behind us, positive happiness in front, and the present minute unsatisfactory to a tick. I suppose it is that the Past has lost the dreadfully humdrum details which made up its story; or rather they have become blurred in our memory. While the Future had no details at all, just a clear, wonderful outline which—to use the title of William Gerhardi's new novel—pending heaven, looks to us as if it must surely be perfect happiness at last.



MISS ETHEL MANNIN

Raphael

One of the most versatile of the younger generation of authors. Two books from her clever pen are due this spring, "My Confessions and Impressions" (Jarrold's) in April and "Common-sense and the Child" the following month

And indeed, "Pending Heaven" (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.) is a most entertaining story of the preponderance of the disagreeable in everyday life. Here are a few examples. Searching for the one woman to love, we find her, marry her, and discover that she—nags and snores! Searching after success, we find it only to discover that we are now the goal of a whole multitude of bores who wish to bask within it. Attaining our ambition, we immediately develop dropsy. There is always a flea in the bed of love's ecstasy. Destiny may grant us the joy of searching, and even accord us the more ephemeral joy of finding, but try to escape it as we will, the day by day always seems to have some important element missing. It nagged the hero of this clever and 50-per-cent. amusing novel. He was so frightened that he might miss the paradise of his life that he seized the key to it wherever he could find it. Naturally it let him into a whole assortment of dreary sanctuaries. In fact he only came face to face with his life's ideal after another man had obtained the sole key to the situation. In the unattainable alone he found the one woman who would have made life perfect and, as fate never gives you only one knock and then ceases to kick you, now you're done, this woman had a lot of money, and that was just the kind of foundation-cushion which his happiness wanted. He was that kind of man. If he had only waited, of course . . . but there, the future being hidden, you have to catch hold of what seems to promise happiness when you see it, lest it be the only happiness you'll ever get. And so Max Fisher, a writer who had always "just had a bad year," caught hold of what looked like being the Perfect Love, and in succession three perfectly feminine "bromides" fell into his lap—one of them with two children. Yet there are scenes in this novel which made me laugh so much I could hardly go on reading, though it isn't a funny book—not deliberately funny I mean, not funny as its only *raison d'être*. On the contrary, it will shock most of those people who pride themselves on being nice before everything. It is at moments extremely "spadeitious," if I may coin a ghastly adjective. But it is so 50-per-cent. witty, 50 per cent. so true to the real unromantic in life as we have to live it moment by moment, and not in either retrospect or anticipation, that I thoroughly enjoyed it. A little too-long-drawn-out, perhaps, because all the characters being strictly superficial, one becomes a little weary of the perpetual surface on which they so relentlessly move. So that the novel almost attains boredom at last. It rarely touches reality, and yet it is not actually a fantasy. Therein lies its failure. Still it is well worth reading, nevertheless.

* * *

Thoughts from "Pending Heaven."

"All wives who have driven their husbands crazy have invariably meant well."

"Pride is vanity applied to a moral end."

"In beauty, as in art, good intentions count for nothing."

(Continued on p. 472)



Edmund Harrington
MADAME TAMARA KARSAVINA

The latest portrait of the world-famous ballerina who has just entered the literary lists with "Theatre Street" (Heinemann), a fascinating volume of reminiscences. Her book is absorbingly interesting and is illustrated with many hitherto unpublished photographs of the great ones of the Russian Ballet. Madame Karsavina is the wife of Mr. Henry Bruce, whose niece, Miss Sheila Clifton, became Lady Crawshaw last week

THE LIMIT. By George Belcher



"And how is your son getting on in Australia, Mrs. Smith?"

"Poor lad, it must be very dull where 'e is, sir. Why, 'e sez 'e'd even be thankful if there was a Sunday School there 'e could go to"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

My "Book of the Week."

However, the most thrilling book I have read this week is undoubtedly Richard Halliburton's "New Worlds to Conquer" (Bles. 16s.). This is indeed a glorious volume of real, unusual, and exciting adventure. As a stay-at-home-stick-in-the-mud I could not lay it down once I began to read it. Mr. Halliburton is the ideal dare-devil adventurer who, however, adventures intelligently. Among the exploits related vividly in his book is that of swimming through the Panama Canal, having the lock-gates especially opened for him, and in spite of the fact that he was only a poor swimmer at the best of times; diving into the Well of Death, that haunted lake, surrounded on all sides by dreadful crags, into which centuries ago the ancient Mayas used to hurl their human sacrifices to propitiate their gods; following exactly the route taken by Hernando Cortez, the ancient Spanish explorer in his discovery of Mexico; living for some time on Devil's Island disguised as a convict; travelling for fun with a portable organ and a monkey; imitating Robinson Crusoe's existence on Tobago Island; stopping indeed at nothing if the adventure fired his imagination and it was humanly possible to accomplish it. Moreover he can recount his wild experiences in a way which seems as if we, too, were following with him into unknown and unexplored places. The result is thrilling. Not for a long time have I come across a book of real adventures more exciting, more picturesquely described, more unusual in its plan and in the situations encountered. His is the life, I say, as I feel myself sticking in the mud surrounding me. Only one has to be young to live it, alas, and one has to have imagination and intelligence and to fear nothing. Plus, of course, a sense of humour and the gift of conjuring up in imagination the dead past. These gifts Mr. Halliburton has in enviable measure. I am going at once to read his previous books, "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure," which up to the present I have missed. I only hope he will go on writing, and that the world will always remain large enough to entice him to further exploits in unhackneyed places.

The "Novel of the Week."

But the best novel I have read this week is undoubtedly Miss E. M. Delafield's "Turn Back the Leaves" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). It may not be amusing, as some of her previous novels have been amusing, but it is undoubtedly the best novel she has so far given us, and that is saying a great deal, because she is one of the few who would seem to be incapable of writing trash if she tried. Yet I dare say that certain Roman Catholic converts—these are always the most relentlessly sectarian, aren't they?—will object to much included in the story, which is about a very old Roman Catholic family and how the Church to which the members belong brings to some of them happiness but wrecks the happiness of the rest. Yet Miss Delafield writes without prejudice. Her story, as she claims at the beginning, is in no way intended as propaganda for or against the Roman Catholic faith. Never does she either ridicule or praise. Merely she states what she knows, and she has authority for



First Neighbour: Yer know what a sweet-tooth our Gladys used to be—well, now she's in the confectionery business she won't look at a sweet!

Second Neighbour (feelingly): You don't say! Well, I wish I could get my 'usband a job in a brewery!

that statement. The story, which begins in 1890, relates the lapse from virtue of the young Irish wife of Sir Joseph Floyd, a man who ought to have been a monk only he felt it to be his duty to his family and to the Church to have an heir brought up in the Faith. Therefore his duty was to marry. And so poor, lovely, youthful Edmund, bored by her isolated life and chilled by the distant behaviour of her husband, fell, during a trip abroad, for Lord Charles Craddock, a man who excelled at this "woman" business. When she realizes that she is going to have a child, in terror and remorse—for Edmund was one of those women who regard their love-affairs from the eternal angle—she confessed to the priest, who lived in the house, and to her husband. Whereupon she is banished to London, but according to her religion she cannot be divorced. So presently Sir Joseph, over-persuaded by Father Bailey, consents to take her back again. The condition is that she shall never see her

child, a girl, baptised Stella, again. So Edmund comes back, and within the next six years bears her husband three girls and a boy. She dies during the last confinement. Whereupon Sir Joseph, after a brief period, marries Edmund's cousin, Theresa, an elderly, plain, pious woman of narrow intelligence but of big heart. She it is who later on persuades her husband to have Stella brought to live with them, and to bring her up in the Faith with those who, in ordinary circumstances, would be her step-sisters and brother. Sir Joseph consents at last, but Theresa can never realize how the sight of Stella in the house outrages his pride and feelings. She was not an imaginative woman. All she knows is that by having Stella under the family roof she is saving her soul. That is all that counts. So you watch this family of four girls, including Stella, and a boy, being brought up together, guarded by the priest and Theresa. A happy family it is too, on the whole, except that even years before it actually happened there were signs in Sir Joseph's mind and manner that he was developing religious mania. And then, when the girls grow up, there comes the question of

mixed marriages. They fall in love with Protestant young men because there are no Roman Catholic families round about. The result is that the two who disobey their father and their Church are driven out of the home. This tragedy, however, is only part of the story's development. The book is a series of brilliant character studies. The plot really centres around Theresa—a masterly portrait. So good, so narrow, so incapable of questioning or doubting; so exasperating, yet so lovable. But the novel from beginning to end is interesting to a degree. The story covers a period of forty years. One follows the history of the Floyd household absorbed. It has tragedy in it and comedy, pathos and laughter. Yet at the end, to the younger generation there is nothing to be seen at all—only a large, lonely house, a desolate garden, and three solitary female figures wheeling a scarcely conscious human figure in a bath-chair up and down, up and down. That was all.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxvi of this issue

“ COCHRAN’S 1930 REVUE ”
IN MANCHESTER



Lipnitzky
NIKITINA. THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN
BALLET STAR



Sasha
SERGE LIFAR AND NIKITINA



MISS JOAN CLARKSON



MISS MAISIE GAY

That which Manchester said (at the Palace Theatre) on March 4, London is sure to say about Grand National time when C.B.’s latest triumph comes here. In the enthusiastic language of the stage this new revue pulled the roof off. With a cast which included such geniuses of fun as Miss Maisie Gay and Miss Ada May, a drum maestro like Mr. Jack Powell, pretty people in masses like Miss Joan Clarkson, and such distinguished dancers as Nikitina and Lifar to interpret the ballets, it is hardly surprising that the thing had an overwhelming triumph. Miss Maisie Gay is seen as a Flower Girl who has gone to Heaven, flowers and all. There were also in this sparkling show that galaxy of talent and loveliness known to the world as “Mr. Cochran’s Young Ladies,” whom, as the world knows, he considers are lovelier than ever if they are not underfed. Intensive nourishment has been the Cochran slogan, and it has justified itself!



M. C. BOUSSUS AND FRAULEIN CILLY AUSSEM

On the terraces of the New Country Club at Monte, the most charmingly situated place on the Riviera, Boussus is France's boy wonder-player, and Fraulein Aussem Germany's greatest girl player. They have been partners in the recent tournaments

Carnival festivities. Being somewhat of a lawn-tennis fan myself, I have spent a certain part of each day at the New Country Club, where there are so many European champions of International fame taking part that practically the whole large programme seems to consist of stars.

Cars are running to the club every few minutes, and the great tribunes are always very well filled, particularly this afternoon, when Henry Cochet made one of his flying visits to the south, and played in the Butler Cup trophy with his old friend and partner Mr. "Toto" Brugnon. They were billed to meet the first English pair, Charles Kingsley and "Bunny" Austin, and you can well imagine what roars of British enthusiasm greeted their victory after nearly two hours' hard play. This is a notably fine performance as Cochet and Brugnon have been the holders of this trophy for nine years past, and it marks a definite step forward in English tennis. The French ladies this week have also covered themselves with glory, and there will be an all-French final for the Beaumont Cup. There are ever so many young stars appearing in the French firmament just now, showing that if at the moment they cannot actually produce another Suzanne Lenglen, they can at any rate put forward a great many very fine young players.

Big crowds of players and their friends sit on the terraces between the matches, and I saw Princess Lopkonic (the Czechoslovakian champion), Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim, Lord Charles Hope and his sister (who are playing in the doubles together), Prince Stephen of Schomberg-Lippe, Major Berkeley Levitt, and Count Salm. Quite another large contingent of yachting folk are very busy at Monte Carlo just now, and the big races for six- and eight-metre boats are very well worth watching as there has been a high wind every day, which has made things most exciting for all but the most experienced sailors.

Everyone is looking forward to the much-talked-of 1931 gala at the Hôtel de Paris next week. Apparently it is to be a very gala of galas, for only some three hundred diners are to be

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER,—This week I have made my centre of action Monte Carlo, because there is so much going on there that it is quite the gayest place on the Riviera at the moment, despite the rival attractions of Nice and the

admitted, while the idea of the whole evening is to represent the spirit of a year ahead. All the hundred and fifty ladies are, I believe, to be presented with a gorgeous cloak, in which they will be able to represent next year's fashions.

Last night we managed to get seats for *Turandot*, and found the opera house packed as usual. I have never known the opera so crowded as it has been this season, and certainly we are fortunate in having Mr. Brownlee, who is in wonderful voice just now. There is always a lot going on at the *Café de Paris* these days, for the Californian Orchestra with their wonderful performing Alsatian dog is so good that one simply has to dance, and there are also some extraordinarily good turns there which are very well worth looking at. The Guitrys are very often dining there, and I saw Sir Joseph Tichborne with a party, also M. Jean Patou (who has been winning a lot at baccarat lately), General Pole Gell, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, and ever so many more.

There has been great activity lately at the Sporting Club tables although that indefatigable player of *trente et quarante*, Lord Inchcape, is off to London. Lord D'Abernon is staying with the Reggie Fellowes at their Cap Martin villa. We were all admiring Mrs. Fellowes' delightful little blue sports suit yesterday with which she wore a vivid scarlet and white spotted shirt with a big collar and artist's bow of the same material.

Princess Illyinska hardly ever plays *trente et quarante* now; she is a very fine contract bridge player, however, and nearly always spends the evening at the bridge table. The Grand Duke Dmitri is a very regular visitor to the Sporting Club and still continues to be fortunate whenever he plays roulette. He plays quite seldom however, and is not by any means one of those enthusiasts who play for hours each day on end.

I motored over to Cannes for a day or two, and found a great many people at the Ambassadeurs, where the Furs



H.M. THE QUEEN OF DENMARK

A snapshot taken at Cannes last week, where Her Majesty and the King are very familiar and immensely popular personalities

Gala was a most wonderful affair with a bale, chinchilla, and ermine coats by the dozen, and huge silver fox furs which simply made one's mouth water.—Yours, CAROLINE.



MAJOR "TOLLEY" WINGFIELD, SIR JOSEPH TICHBORNE, AND MR. A. W. WALLIS MYERS

At the New Country Club at Monte Carlo last week, whilst the big lawn tennis tournament was on. Major "Tolley" Wingfield and his charming wife, who was Mrs. Edward Molyneux, are two of the most popular people in Society. Sir Joseph Tichborne was in the 4th Hussars. Lady Tichborne is a kinswoman of the Earl of Warwick



THE PROGRAMME SELLER

By the Hon. John Collier, R.O.I.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Abdulla at the Carnival



ROSE BROCADE.

You would not breathe your Name for all my asking,
 Lady of rose brocades and powdered hair,
 Till Midnight called for feasting and unmasking
 And showed the world how marvellous you were.

An hour ago I vowed you Love and Duty,
 And reckless courage urged me to pursue ;
 But since you dropped your mask, O Queen of Beauty,
 Abashed, I bid Abdulla plead with you !

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA • TURKISH • EGYPTIAN

PORTRAITS, POLITICAL
AND OTHERWISE

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.A., M.P.

This recent picture of the member for Middlesbrough East is one of the most pleasing that the energetic lady has ever had taken. Miss Ellen Wilkinson is the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Wilkinson, and she was educated at the Ardwick Higher Elementary School, the Stretford Road Secondary School, and took her degree at Manchester University. She has always been a keen political worker, and was a prominent personality in the Votes for Women campaign. She has been Labour Member for Middlesbrough since 1924.

Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, the elder of Lord and Lady Lansdowne's daughters, will be one of the prettiest débutantes this season, and is to be presented by her mother at one of the early Courts. Mrs. Francis Law, who recently gave birth to a daughter, is the wife of Captain Francis Law, M.C., Irish Guards, and the daughter of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Clerk of Penicuik. Lady Clerk was formerly the Hon. Mabel Dutton, and is a younger sister of Lord Sherborne.



MRS. FRANCIS LAW

Hay Wrightson

THE PASSING SHOWS

"A Night Like This," at the Aldwych Theatre



MY BIRD I THINK?

Mr. Tom Walls as P.C. Marsden (plain or rather plain clothes) and Mr. Ralph Lynn as Clifford Tope, another of the clever lads, at the interesting moment when Mr. Lynn has laid out a brace of villains with the timely assistance of a poker

THE United Aldwych Party — the Prosperity Party — continues to bound forward on the crest of the wave. A net sales certificate may be issued shortly. With the shadow of a bad Budget darkening the landscape, any highly organised effort for the propagation of Mirth deserves success. The Aldwych Party commands votes because it is united. It has found a policy that pays, and every time it comes back to power — the average "life" at the Aldwych is twelve months — it is with the same programme and the same Cabinet. Continuity is the surest plank in the platform.

A Night Like This isn't as good as *Rookery Nook*. Or it's better. It's not quite so funny as *A Cup of Kindness*. Or it's far funnier. It's not quite so excruciating as *Plunder*. Or it's at least three times more so. *Faites vos jeux*. Comparisons are the sincerest form of compliment. If I opine that the latest dialogue showed signs of falling off in both quantity and quality, I am silenced by the reminder that my loud, not to say coarse, laughter could scarcely be construed as registering disapproval. Yet the thought did occur that seven scenes, including two full sets in the third Act, had slowed down the pace and broken up the action. But I may be wrong. Mr. Ralph Lynn has merely to

pop his head round the door and smile for my critical faculties to dissolve into thin air.

Scene I opened quietly in the manner of a crook play rather than farce. The Irish policeman who strolled in through the front door of the gambling house run by the unpleasant Mr. Pryor (Mr. John R. Turnbull) was instantly recognisable as Mr. Tom Walls. With the applause which greeted this unexpected Rhapsody in Blue a certain amount of astonishment was mingled. Old Aldwychians, searching the almost classic features of P.C. Michael Marsden for the ripe red nose and the roué's moustache, found neither of the familiar landmarks. The rake was making progress! Michael's airy arrogance and native drawl were not to be rushed. Mr. Walls made the pace to suit himself and the sequence of Irish "bulls" which constituted the main body of his part. Personality and the skill of an actor who gets better and better delivered the goods. Still, it was a slow start, and one missed the customary leer of the gay dog whose day still persists, the proboscis eloquent of the tantalus and the check suit redolent of Newmarket Heath.

The gambling hell was manned by a forbidding butler answering to the name of Knee (Mr. Gordon James), the



MISS MARY BROUGH AND MR. ROBERTSON HARE

Mrs. Decent, the actress' most respectable maid, and a gentleman who can hardly be said to be decent as they have stolen his trousers. Miles Tucket is really a perfectly harmless old rabbit



MISS WINIFRED SHOTTER

More charming than ever as the damsel in distress, an actress this time heavily involved with gambling debts and a "borrowed" necklace

himself. I can conceive no more priceless offering from the god of chance than the appearance of Mr. Lynn and his eyeglass on a foggy night like this. What a picture it was—Mr. Tuckett blinking his embarrassment on one side, Mr. Slot, registering zero and "the makings of a robot" on the other, each holding a ptarmigan, while Persia's escaped lunatic beamed on both with the air of Father Christmas officiating at a gathering of mentally deficient children.

Naturally any young actress in trouble couldn't help confiding in a cavalier so disarming—a word which suggests that Mr. Lynn's place is at the Naval Conference. You can hear him discoursing on globular tonnage, with an arch look at the portliest delegate present, and reducing the nations to helplessness within ten minutes. Miss Shotter's trouble all came from having a boy-friend like Slot who didn't know that the car he sold on commission for Pryor (who promptly won it back at the tables), were illegally acquired. Pryor ran a garage for stolen cars in a neighbouring mews manned by one Craggy (Mr. Louis Bradfield) and a dishevelled gentleman called Snake (Mr. Archibald Batty), who had once socked a policeman too hard and was afflicted with a nervous horror of all forms of socking.

downtrodden Mrs. Knee (Miss Ethel Coleridge), and Mary Deane (Miss Doreen Bendix), who was on walking-out terms with P.C. Marsden. Knee's hobbies were "socking" policemen and bullying his wife. Mrs. Knee's only relaxation was letting out the dog (breed uncertain, habits "irregular"). The dog, favourably received, was the best joke so far, not counting the arrival of Mr. Kenneth Kove, the whispering Monotone, and his ghostly countenance of cataclysmic vacuity.

Mr. Kove, carrying his familiar umbrella with tassel, had been awarded the admirable name of Aubrey Slot. Mr. Lynn, greeting Aubrey, hoped he was full of pennies. Miss Mary Brough as Miss Winifred Shotter's malapropian maid and protector, alluded to him as Slit. Miss Brough's christening ran to two syllables—Mrs. Decent—and when Mr. Tuckett (Mr. J. Robertson Hare) spoke of her as "that Decent woman," well, we laughed, because Mr. Hare—bald, pompous, prim, spectacled, and devastatingly fatuous—has only to walk on to the stage to provoke a salvo of chuckles. Mr. Hare doesn't need a part; a few unfinished sentences will do.

Miss Shotter, needless to say, was in trouble—waiting to be rescued by Mr. Ralph Lynn, her accredited squire of dames. Here he comes, bland, blithering, and in a mace—Mr. Clifford Tope, something in oil from Persia, bearing as a gift for the charmer whose flat he thought he was in, one brace of ptarmigan, neatly tied together with string, and a box of chocolates. But best of all



MISS ETHEL COLERIDGE AND MR. GORDON JAMES

As Mr. and Mrs. Knee, the gloomy confederates of the nefarious gentleman who runs a gambling hell and a garage for stolen cars. Messrs. Lynn and Walls, representing the Force and Romance respectively, walk into this den of thieves with lively results

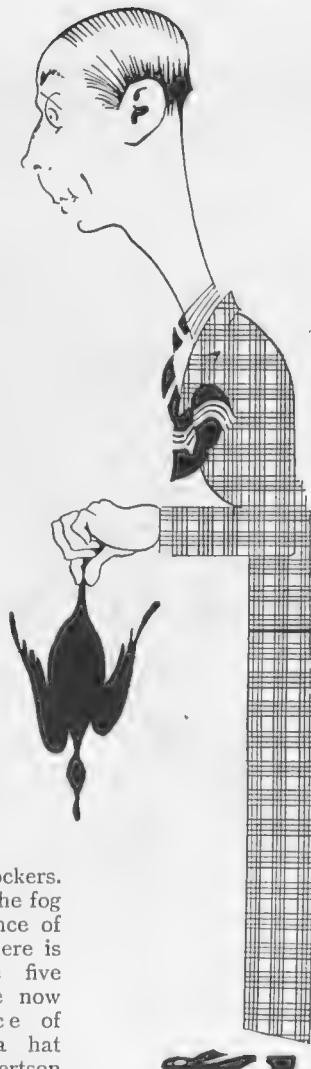
This was lucky for Tope, who walked blithely into the lion's den resolved to get back the necklace which Slot had "borrowed" from his aunt, Mrs. Tuckett (Miss Norma Varden), to pledge as security. Beholding Tope among toughs of the toughness of Messrs. Pryor and Co., it was not surprising to find that signing the receipt and pocketing the pearls did not conclude the business on hand. With cat-like tread, Knee, Craggy, and Snake pursued their victim, who retreated before them like a mesmerised mouse who strongly objects to being socked.

Follows one of the evening's best bits of business, the rescue of Slot and the constable by the cavalier behind the curtains. Nobody's enjoyment will be spoilt if the sudden emergence from this coign of vantage, of Mr. Lynn armed with a poker, and the subsequent knock-outs administered to the P.C.'s assailants is duly chronicled as a superb and surprising ending to a scene which Messrs. Edgar Wallace and Walter Hackett would be the first to applaud. The last glimpse of the affray ends happily with Mr. Kove, guided by the strong hand of Mr. Walls, stepping gingerly over the prostrate forms of the would-be sockers.

After that both the plot and the fog thickened, and the precise sequence of events eludes me. There is a positively exquisite five minutes in which the now indissoluble alliance of truncheon and opera hat persuades Mr. Robertson Hare to part with his trousers, so that he might fail to keep

an appointment with Pryor at the Blue Monkey, while the Allies pinched the four-wheeler waiting for him in the fog outside. The notion of this inimitable actor being wheedled and finally deprived of such essential garments by Messrs. Walls and Lynn is a stroke of comic genius. No better situation will ever convulse an Aldwych audience nor bigger laugh excel the howl of joy which greeted the return of Pantaloons draped in Miss Mary Brough's mantilla and a lace curtain, and still wearing his gold spectacles and brown gloves.

The scene with the old growler went pretty well, though Connie's outline remained obscure behind a gauze. When the cabby (Mr. Fred Morgan) said Nay, he couldn't take them because he was engaged, Mr. Lynn remarked that Nay was what the horse said. Mr. Walls, mistaking Connie's tail in the gloom for a gentleman with a beard, attributed her immobility to a diet of cement. Mr. Lynn beseeched her to "go like the wind, only in the opposite direction," and off Connie went, minus her driver, back to Mr. Tuckett's flat, where everybody, including Pryor and the Inspector (Mr. Philip Carlton), got mixed up in a struggle in the dark which ended in revolver shots, handcuffs, and, one scene later, a humorous epilogue in the charge-room at Bow Street. Here the Allies most appropriately swore eternal friendship, and the revels came to a satisfactory ending. Once more the Aldwych supplies the answer to the low-brow's prayer, with team-work as before. "TRINCULO."



MR. KENNETH KOVE

As Aubrey Slot, once more the embodiment of incoherent fatuity

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK"

AT MULGRAVE CASTLE



THE REV. THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY
AND THE MARCHIONESS



MOTHER HUBBARD (LADY ELIZABETH PHIPPS) WITH HER FOUR DAUGHTERS. THE
MISSSES MARY ALLANSON, SYLVIA WALKER, MARY McINTOSH, AND DOROTHY WOODCOCK



MOTHER HUBBARD CONSENTS TO THE ENGAGEMENT
OF HER DAUGHTER LUCY (MISS MARY McINTOSH)
TO FARMER GRUMBLE (MR. E. DUDMAN)



THE FAIRY QUEEN (MISS MAR-
JORY KETCH) AND THE COLLIE
(MASTER T. ELDERS)



MISS AILEEN CECIL (MRS. BLUNDERBORE) WITH
MR. J. CORBETT AS MR. OGRE BLUNDERBORE
AND MASTER BLUNDERBORE (MASTER D. STANGOR)

This exciting revival of the adventures of the intrepid Jack, who thought giants very small beer and was the Dempsey of his era, was organised by Lord and Lady Normanby for the benefit of various charities. Lord Normanby was the author, and though his cloth has not been very prominent on the literary side of the drama in the past, he is no novice. It was not his first play—in a manner of speaking. Lady Normanby was his most able second-in-command—wardrobe mistress, stage manager, and anything else that her capable hands found to do, whilst Lady Elizabeth Phipps, Lord and Lady Normanby's younger daughter, did a real woman's job as one of the leading characters, the highly-respectable but sorely-tried Mother Hubbard. The whole thing was a glittering success

Photographs by Arthur Owen

[MARCH 12, 1930]



ANITA LOOS AND CECIL BEATON

Mr. Randolph Hearst, the distinguished American newspaper magnate, is famed for his hospitality, and not long ago a house-party consisting of several celebrated and young faces was to be found spending a day at his superlatively splendid home far from New York. Everyone was in ebullient spirits, particularly Miss Anita Loos, who sprang on to Mr. Cecil Beaton's back, when he offered her a ride, as easily as she was going to fame in two continents with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Mr. Beaton has taken his clever camera to look at the States from his own particular and unusual view-point. Miss Marion Davis and Miss Colleen Moore are two brilliant stars of Hollywood's galaxy, and Mr. Irving Berlin is said to have made and about £1,000,000 with his musical numbers. He married the daughter of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay of New York.

MR. AND MRS.
IRVING BERLIN
AND MARY ELLEN

GUESTS OF MR. RANDOLPH HEARST

A Week-end House-party in America



MARION DAVIS



COLLEEN MOORE

Mlle. JANE AUBERT *Arib, Paris*

One of the most beautiful actresses on the French stage, and which even the law may not induce her to leave. The charming old-world frock is the one she wore at the Bal Des Petits Lits Blancs, which realised over a million and a half francs for charity. Jane Aubert is at the present moment starring in "Good News" at the Palace Theatre. The topper is a little grace note

in the situation of a St. Antony, to say nothing of his enforced rôle as pacifier of maternal jealousies. Several of the Beauty Queens have brought "mama" along too, and mamas are the very devil in these sort of affairs. He is also guide, fashion arbiter, and chief of *protocole*. It is M. de Waleffe who, it seems, chooses the damsels' frocks for them and censors their make-up. He probably knows from experience the havoc that over-much lip-stick can make on the cheeks of portly mayors when chaste (though Latin) salutations are exchanged. All this makes one realise that his job is no sinecure!

I wonder whether MM. Gerbido and Armont were inspired by the Beauty Queens in the writing of their latest success, *Fleurs de Luxe*, which was produced last night by Jane Renouardt at her pretty little Théâtre Daunou, just opposite Ciro's in the street of the same name. The *Fleurs de Luxe* are young girls and women of perfectly good social standing, but badly in need of pocket-money, who are hired out by Madame Lebouteillier, a middle-aged widow of irreproachable respectability, to any male in need of feminine companionship. Now don't run away with the wrong idea, *Très Cher*. The male's intentions must be Strictly Honourable, so honourable that marriage is vetoed just as strictly as philandering. Indeed there is no question of love-making in any of its numerous manifestations!

* * * * *

One *Fleur de Luxe* specialises in playing hostess at business luncheons. Another helps grass widowers to select trousseaux for their absent women-folk . . . a third accompanies slow-visioned males to the cinema in order to read the

TRÈS CHER,
—You will have seen innumerable photographs of the beauteous young women who are to try their luck against the American competitors in the World's Beauty Contest at Rio. I imagine you will have thought them very lovely and perhaps, secretly, have envied M. de Waleffe who "personally conducts" these attractive creatures around on their travels. And yet his position,

I assure you, is far from enviable. I am not referring to the fact that he is a would-be reformer of masculine dress and advocates Brighter Breeches for Bonny Boys, wearing, as he does, knee-breeches on each and every occasion, but merely the obvious disadvantage of being very much

captions for them. . . . Jane Renouardt plays the rôle of a pretty little bourgeoisie, Janine Chatelain, whose husband is publicity-agent of Madame Lebouteillier, the proprietress of the *Fleurs de Luxe*. He has run into debt in order to pay for his wife's frocks, and when he asks his employer for an advance and explains the reason for his demand, the lady insists on meeting the wife whom she speedily enrols as one of her *Fleurs*. Janine is hired by a strange couple formed by a business man and his wife, M. and Madame Morancay, in order to bring a little brightness and gaiety into their lives, for Madame Morancay is more a business partner than a wife. Chatelain becomes jealous of Janine's continual absence from home and manages to get himself engaged as Madame Morancay's secretary.

* * * * *

Little by little the inevitable *chassé croisé* takes place, and twin divorces are brought about in order to mould the lives of our heroes and heroines nearer to their hearts' desire. A state of affairs that lands poor Madame Lebouteillier in the bankruptcy court. This light little play is full of amusing details, and is delightfully acted by a bevy of pretty women—mean flowers—amongst whom Jane Renouardt, wearing the most lovely Lanvin frocks, is the rare orchid. By the way, writing of well-dressed women, I am reminded of a *gaffe* I made a fortnight or so ago; it was not Madame Gana Walski McCormick who was singing "Louise" at the Opera Comique but Miss Mary of the Same Name. Apologies are tendered to any feelings that may have been ruffled.

* * * * *

Bitter Sweet is to be produced at the Apollo Theatre by Jane Marnac (Mrs. Keith Trevor) very shortly, but at the time of writing she is still convalescing in the South. Jean St. Granier is the French adaptor. He is, indeed, very much our local Noel Coward, and certainly one of the busiest authors in Paris. He is also responsible for the forthcoming Parisian version of *Desert Song* (which given the early hour it will have to be played every evening on account of the length of the spectacle, will probably come to be nicknamed "Dessert Song"). He is also working at three revues, one for the Palace, another—a "Talkie"—for the Screen, and the third for the Théâtre de Dix Heures. He is interested in politics and has founded a newspaper at Neuilly. Some mover!—PRISCILLA.



WHERE THE DANCER GETS HER KICK!

Rahna, the clever dancer of the Concert Mayol, doing a bit of bar practice, which, of course, is mere child's play to what these long-suffering ladies have to do in the general way of business



NORMA SHEARER FOR "THE HIGH ROAD"

BÉBÉ DANIELS AND LLOYD HUGHES IN
"LOVE COMES ALONG"

A Hollywood Gallery



MARY DORAN

Beautiful Norma Shearer, who is a Canadian, and was born in Montreal, is hard at work making the film talkie version of "The High Road," in which she plays the lead. Norma Shearer made her debut in 1921, when she was eighteen, and had an instantaneous success. Bébé Daniels, who is half Spanish and half Scottish, and swims so well, is seen in what is stated to be a highly romantic drama, and looks like it. "Love Comes Along" was trade-shown in London last week. Mary Doran will be remembered by the faithful film fan as having made a highly successful appearance as one of the lovely ladies in "The Broadway Melody."

THE LIMERICK



COLONEL HALLOWES, MR. A. P. POLLOK, M.F.H., AND MRS. J. S. SHEPHERD



AFTER WINNING THE LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE: MISS P. IRVINE LED IN BY MISS DOREEN BARING

POINT-TO-POINT



LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN AND LORD HERBERT



MAJOR WATT, M.F.H., AND MR. HOPE-JOHNSTON



MR. AND MRS. DESMOND FITZGERALD



MR. D. W. BROWNING AND MR. J. J. RYAN

Most of Munster seemed to be present at the Limerick Hunt races held over the Rathcannon course on a nice fine day. Miss Patricia Irvine, Lord Muskerry's niece, had a notable success in the Light-weight race on her mare, Sheila, beating by ten lengths Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnston's fancied Glenhall, ridden by Lieut.-Colonel George Stacpoole. The latter, who twenty-five years ago annexed the Grand Military at Sandown Park, was in the finest form and won two events, one of them being the Dunraven Cup presented by Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin's father. Mr. Pollok is Joint Master of the Limerick and Mrs. Shepherd is the wife of Mr. J. S. Shepherd, M.F.H., who controls the Duhallow and hunts hounds himself. Major A. H. Watt has had the United for four seasons, and Mr. John Ryan of Scarteen was Master and Huntsman from 1904 to 1929 of the famous "Black and Tans," which have been hunted by a member of the Ryan family for over 160 years. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the only son of the Knight of Glin, married Miss Veronica Villiers last year.



THE KISS

By Autori

One of the earlier studies by the famous grand opera singer-artist, and done before he turned his attention to limning the features of the truly great. Autori is a remarkably fine singer, but a good many people pay him the compliment of saying that he is an even finer artist, which, as those who have seen his clever and very original work will admit, is paying him great tribute indeed. Autori has struck out in an entirely new direction in the treatment of his subjects, and it might almost be described as the mallet-and-chisel type



SOME OF THOSE POINT-TO-POINT

By Lionel Edwards, R.I.

An impression gathered by the artist at the Hursley Point-to-Point last year, but which is typical of almost any point-to-point meeting in England anywhere. There were seven or eight meetings in February, but we began to get really busy in March. The Hursley country lies partly in Hampshire and partly in Wilts, Winchester, and Southampton. The Hursley Point-to-



POINT-TO-POINTING CHAPS!

Colonel Edwards, R.I., R.C.A.

England anywhere. The season is in its fullest blast all through March and April, and the fixtures come thick and fast with a bit of a lap-over even into May. The Hursley Point-to-Point this year is on April 12

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COLONEL GILES LODER AND MISS BETTY MANNERS



MISS NEVILL, LORD ROBERT CRICTON-STUART, AND LORD ACTON



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE AND FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT FIELDEN

The three snapshots above were taken when the Cambridgeshire Harriers held their inaugural point-to-point meeting at Cottenham. There were big fields and plenty of exciting contests, the card including the Cambridge University Pitt Club race which was won by Mr. D. R. Clare on his One of the Mob. A distinguished owner was present in the person of Colonel Loder, whose colours are familiar to most people who go racing under Jockey Club rules. Miss Manners is Lady Robert Manners' daughter, and Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart is Lord Bute's second son. Lady Cambridge was Miss Dorothy Hastings before her marriage.



SIR JOHN AND LADY CAREW POLE



SIR CHARLES AND LADY BRIGGS



LORD DALMENY

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Briggs and his wife, who live at Wickham Brook, near Newmarket, were also to be seen at the Cambridgeshire Harriers' Point-to-Point to which their terrier insisted on accompanying them. Lady Carew Pole's dog, not to be outdone, managed to get taken to the Christ Church Grind. This meeting, staged at Oddington, was well up to the House standard, and its attendants saw some capital racing. Mr. John Pearson, Lord Cowdray's son, won the House Challenge Cup, the first event of the day, with Mr. Snitch, and Lord Dalmeny was successful at the other end of the card on his useful horse Barney.

WELL MET IN THE SHIRES



AT KELMARSH

Lady Zia Wernher and her daughter Myra, the Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson, and the Hon. Betty Grosvenor, Lord Ebury's only daughter, at the Household Cavalry Point-to-Point Race which preceded a Pytchley meet. Captain "Bobbie" Jenkinson's tall wife is a sister of Lord Harcourt



SOME FERNIE EXPRESSIONS

Bale
An unsuspected attack by the camera at a recent Fernie fixture resulted in this unconventional group consisting of Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Pelly, Mrs. Dudley Coats, Captain Herbert, and Lady Dalkeith. Mrs. Thornton is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel T. A. Thornton, 7th Hussars, and Mrs. Pelly is the wife of Captain Harold Pelly, who is also in the 7th Hussars, and is Adjutant of the Leicestershire Yeomanry



A HUNTING CASUALTY: LORD EBUARY

The above snapshot and the one on the right were both taken at the Household Cavalry race at Kelmarsh, won by Captain A. G. Emmet's Boy Myrtle (Owner). Out of twenty starters only six completed the course. Lord Ebury is slowly recovering from his bad fall of some weeks ago. Lord Feversham is one of Yorkshire's personalities, and Mrs. Kellett, who was photographed at a Cottesmore meet, lives in the Quorn country. She is Mrs. Geoffrey Pease's sister



MRS. KELLETT



MRS. SPENCER AND LORD FEVERSHAM



Yevonde, Victoria Street

MISS MAUREEN GUINNESS

The most recent portrait of the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness, and a niece of the Earl of Iveagh. Miss Guinness' younger sister, Oonagh, was married in June last year to Mr. Philip Kindersley, Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley's youngest son, and her elder sister is the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, the wife of Lord Plunket's younger brother. Lord Iveagh, who will be more familiar perhaps to some people as the Hon. Rupert Guinness, and his brothers were all famous Wet Bobs when at Eton, especially Lord Iveagh, who won the School Sculling, was in the Eight which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1893, and he won the Diamonds twice and the Wingfield once—a great record. A picture of the Hon. Ernest Guinness' new air yacht appears on p. xiv



THE EPSOM COLLEGE XV

Epsom have had a most successful year so far, with eleven matches played, ten winners, and one drawn, scoring 204 points against 67. They have beaten Cranleigh and Merchant Taylors and drew with Brighton, who also drew with Dulwich. In the picture the names are: Back row, left to right—E. A. Griffiths, G. A. Keymer, K. G. Bowker, J. H. Gibson, J. L. Stewart, E. James, D. R. Hanbury, K. D. Moynagh; front row, left to right—A. J. Bowerman, S. C. Fox, H. C. Douty (honorary secretary), A. D. Hodges (captain), J. G. Kee (leader of forwards), J. K. Watkins, and J. J. McGhie

NEXT Saturday we shall all be at Twickenham once more, all of us, that is, who have been able to secure tickets for the most attractive fixture of the Rugby calendar. These tickets have been scarcer than ever this year, and if I dared I would seriously suggest that in future they should be limited to "men only." It is the ladies who cause all the congestion at Twickenham, and it is common knowledge that only a very small percentage of them understand the ins and outs of the game. Some few do, of course, but they are the shining exceptions.

The forthcoming match is the fifty-second of the England-Scotland series, and each country has won twenty-one games, the other nine having been drawn. Draws went out of fashion with the nineteenth century, for the last indecisive result was in 1900. England won the first five matches after the War, but has only won one since, in 1928. Scottish luck changed with the opening of Murrayfield in 1925, for England has lost there thrice, in sharp contrast to Ireland, who have won all their three games at Scottish headquarters.

This has been an uncertain sort of season, for all the countries have been beaten, a dropped goal turning the scale in three instances. But that does not matter much in trying to estimate the chances for next Saturday, for the England v. Scotland match proverbially casts previous form to the winds. It is always the most keenly contested of all the matches and anything may happen. Perhaps the most we can say is that England ought to win, but it does not follow that she will.

Last year at Murrayfield the Scottish forwards broke down a badly selected and ill-trained English pack, and so paved the way for Ian Smith's two brilliant tries later in the game. It seems fairly clear that they will try to do the same thing again, but our eight is a far more formidable proposition than it was then. It may be beaten, but it will at least go on trying to the end, whereas three or four of them at Murrayfield had finished by half-time.

Behind the scrum, too, England is stronger this season, though we have not yet found a centre who is the equal of G. P. S. Macpherson when that rather erratic genius finds a ground to suit him. But our men are all triers, even if they are not superlatively clever, and the Scots may not find scoring quite as easy as it was last season.

Rugby Ramblings

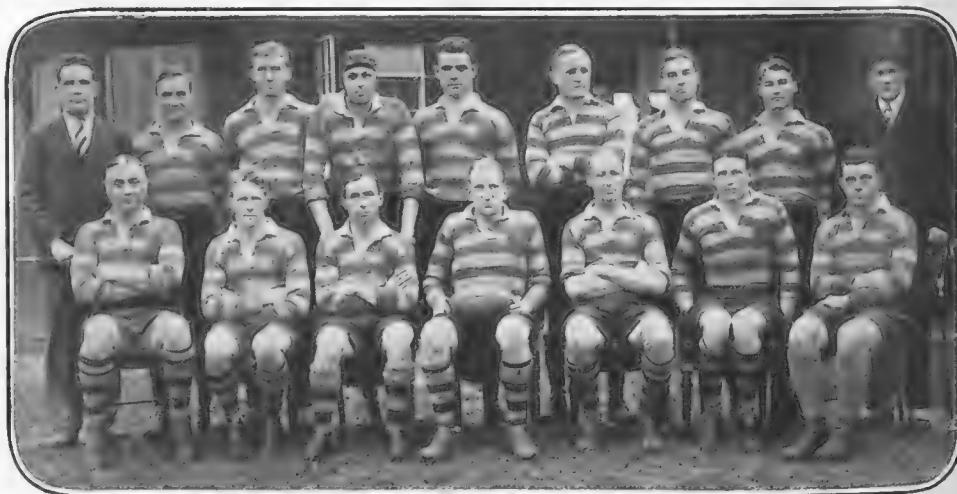
The actual constitution of our side has not been announced at the moment of writing, but the only likely changes are in the three-quarter line, where a suitable pair on the left wing has not yet been found, and a possible one in the back row. H. Wilkinson did barely enough against France to keep his place, and another north-countryman, J. McD. Hodgson, has a chance. This is the forward who so unexpectedly retired at half-time in the final trial at Twickenham to the general surprise of many who thought that up to then he had been the best loose forward on the field.

The chief match of the Inter-Services Tournament resulted in a well-deserved victory for the Army. Most people rather fancied the chances of the Navy, but two or three of their big guns failed rather

signally, and the splendid work of the forwards was more or less wasted. Some critics condemned the game as being dull, but that seems hardly fair. We have all seen more brilliant Rugby, but for all that there was plenty of exciting play, and the struggles of the Navy forwards were always thrilling.

Not that the sailors' pack had it all their own way by any means, the Army put up a splendid fight, and had at least two forwards who on the day's form would do credit to any International side. One was Corporal Townend, the best forward the Army has hitherto found in "other ranks," and the other was R. G. S. Hobbs, a finely built and vigorous youth who is quite likely to follow in his father's footsteps and secure his English cap. H. Rew, too, was more effective than he was against France. W. G. E. Luddington hooked very successfully for the Navy, and behind him J. W. Forrest, the International, and C. Webb, of the Marines, worked very hard. E. H. Hardinge, another lower-deck rating, and D. Orr-Ewing, almost a veteran to-day, were often conspicuous, and so was R. K. Hodgkin, the only one of four players hailing from the R.N.E. College, Keyham, to do himself justice.

"LINE-OUT."



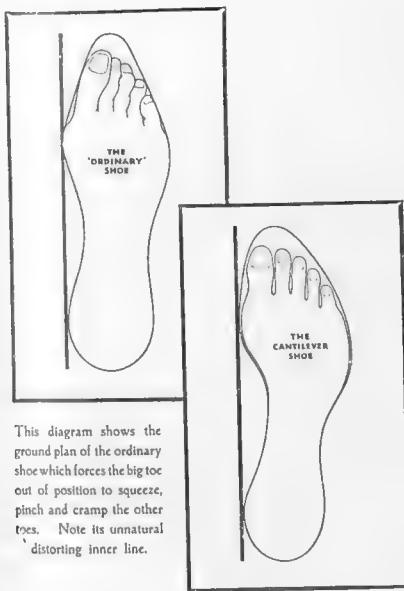
R. S. Crisp

THE UNITED SERVICES XV

The team which was badly turfed out by the Old Blues, 18 to 0, at Fairlop. The names are: Back row, left to right—Lieut. H. C. Browne, H.M.S. "Dolphin"; Sub.-Lieut. H. F. Bone, H.M.S. "Excellent"; Sub.-Lieut. A. F. Black, H.M.S. "Excellent"; Lieut.-Commander H. R. M. Laird, R.N. College, Greenwich; Lieut. N. J. Brosnan, H.M.S. "Constance"; Lieut. K. Mackintosh, H.M.S. "Dryad"; Sub.-Lieut. M. S. Townsend, H.M.S. "Dryad"; Sub-Lieut. R. E. D. Ryden, H.M.S. "Vernon"; Lieut. T. G. Chick, H.M.S. "Vernon" (captain). Front row—Engineer-Commander M. S. Roome, H.M.S. "Constance"; Lieut. A. R. Freeman, H.M.S. "Fisgard"; Lieut. S. H. Carlill, H.M.S. "Excellent"; Lieut.-Commander W. C. Thom, H.M.S. "Dolphin" (vice-captain); Lieut.-Commander D. Orr-Ewing, H.M.S. "Victory"; Lieut. R. W. Armytage, H.M.S. "Excellent"; Lieut. J. W. Linton, H.M.S. "Hornet".



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Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Before the Scott-Sharkey "fight" a gentleman (an American) named Hype Igoe said that why he was sure Sharkey would win was because "He is a demon bear-cat on getting the jump on a foe he considers to be inferior to himself," and that he

and there was one memorable occasion when he was stationed in Rawal Pindi and he undertook to cook the whole of the Christmas dinner for the Gunners' Mess, which if my recollection serves me is the next largest to the R.A.M.C. one in the Aldershot of India. The only stipulation he made was that he should not be expected to appear at dinner. Those who were lucky enough to be there said that it was a feast at which Lucullus himself would have given his ears to be. This, of course, was not a solitary achievement, as many who may have dined with any battery my friend Ormonde may have been commanding at any time may know. The gift of knowledge of good food is heaven-sent, and even the winning of the Cordon Bleu—which so far as I know has no equivalent in any other part of the world—will not avail unless the original spark of genius is there. There are plenty of people who are fond of food, as we know, and who consume it in a manner which reminds us of nothing so much as a ship being coaled, and there are those wonderful moderns who get up and dance between each oyster, but it is only the real epicure who will refrain from bringing tears to the eyes of the artist who has built up the repast by treating it in a cavalier and frivolous manner. There are some people who could digest an ammunition boot and could not tell you the difference between it and, say, a *pilaf* of ortolans, and it is they who bring down a real master of his art's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. There are to be two rounds in this contest between Sir Ormonde Winter and a *chef* of the *Berengaria*—one dinner at Sir Ormonde's house and the other at someone else's. Of course the real test would be if the contest took place at sea when the ocean was running mountains high and the *Berengaria* performing as if she were jumping Aintree. The man who could induce the largest number of the indisposed to toy with a little food would deserve to win. It might of course restrict the enterprise of the candidates to dry biscuits and baby bottles



AT THE PITTS CLUB AND CAMBRIDGE HARRIERS BALL

Which was held avec éclat at the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge. The trio are Mr. J. Abel Smith, a grandson of the late Lord Sudeley, Miss Mary Handley, and Mr. A. Abel Smith, a brother of the number one in the picture



AT TAUNTON 'CHASES

They all look as if they had found a winner on a day when they were not too easy to find. The names in this group are, from left to right: Mr. Whiby, Mr. and Mrs. Heneage, Miss Trevilian, and Miss J. Goode

was sure he would "sock Mr. Scott on the whiskers." What a pity he did not prove a good tipster in the latter respect. If Cucookski (Sharkey's real name) had gone for the whiskers instead of the sciatic nerve of Scott's leg (a badly-aimed one obviously—low to the right instead of at the six o'clock, for which it was meant)—this fight might have been something different from what it was. Probably Scott would not have won, for this fishily-named Lithuanian-American seemed to have been able to put him down by legitimate means. Pity he did not stick to them. Presuming that the ex-champ's name is really Tunney, it does seem queer that the coming one's should be Sharkey. The thing we ought to try to avoid when we are looking round for our next champ is anyone with a name like Minnow or Tom Tiddler. Someone with the front name of Jonah might do, for didn't he get the better of a whale in a three-days' operation, some of which was below the whale's waist-band?

It might be a good idea to send our next champ out to China, or to some place where Plug-Uglies fight, and get him well coached in gouging, biting-off ears, and kicking. We shall have to do this or else get the boxing authorities of America to agree to mail and chain of Milan or some other steel.

Those who know the illustrious *Cordon Bleu* (and very gallant soldier) will have known which to back in the cooking match versus the sealed nomination of the *Berengaria*. Sir Ormonde Winter has won prizes for this sort of thing before,

of the *Veuve*, but this would have to be risked. It would be an interesting supplementary contest to the present one. Some people, as one knows, are so delicately constituted that the slightest sniff of engine oil or hot paint long before the vessel starts to prance about on the

(Cont. on p. x)



LORD ROBERT CRICHTON-STUART, MISS MARJORIE WALKER, AND MR. GARFORTH-BLES

Another group at the same entertainment as the one at the top, the Pitt Club and Cambridgeshire Harriers Hunt Ball. Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart is a son of the Marquess of Bute

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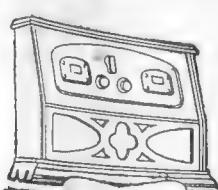


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LAURA LA PLANTE IN "THE LOVE TRAP"

In which, according to the New York publicity agents, she plays what they call a "cutie chorine," which possibly means in English a chorus lady who has all her buttons on—or whatever are the things by which these charming ladies keep their clothes on

IN the course of a judicial inquiry into the responsibility for a collision between two motor-cars a witness was asked if he had really seen the accident. "Yes," he replied, "I saw the affair from start to finish." "That being so," said the Counsel, "can you tell the court just what you think was the cause of the accident?" "Well," replied the witness, "I can't go so far as that, but it appeared to me that both cars were chasing the same pedestrian."

The kind old gentleman was passing the gates of a prison when a party of men who had obviously just been released appeared through a small door. Approaching one of the men the old gentleman said kindly:

"And why were you in prison, my man?"

"For driving a car too slowly."

"Too slowly," echoed the questioner in amazement; "surely you mean too fast?"

"No, I don't," was the reply; "I mean too slowly. The owner caught up with me."

Finding his audience very difficult to please, a comedian cracked another joke, and added, "I suppose you will laugh at that next year?"

"No," said a voice from the gallery, "but we did last year."

A young girl and an elderly woman were waiting for the other members of the party to arrive. "Have a cigarette?" asked the girl, offering her case. The older woman looked at her in extreme annoyance. "Smoke a cigarette!" she cried indignantly. "Good gracious, I'd rather kiss the first man who came along."

"So would I," retorted her companion; "but have one while you're waiting."

Teacher," said Betty, "mummy wants you to come to tea on Saturday."

"Oh, that will be nice," replied the teacher, smiling; "are you sure she wants me to, dear?"

"Yes, because I heard daddy say, 'Better ask her and get it over and done with.'"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A negro woman called regularly at a bank to draw her weekly pay. As she could neither read nor write she used to make an X on the receipt. Then one day she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Liza? Why don't you make an X as usual?" asked the cashier.

"Well, sar," replied Liza, "Ah done got married yesterday and changed ma name."

Miss Peggy O'Neill, the popular actress, tells an amusing little story about a small girl who was taken to the circus. The child, for some reason or other, was not on her best behaviour, and on her return her mother thought to improve the occasion.

"Don't you think," she said, "that if dogs and ponies and monkeys can learn to obey so well, a little girl, who knows so much more than animals, should obey even more readily?"

The little girl thought for a moment, and then said: "Yes, of course, if she had been as well trained."

The two country yokels had never seen golf played before. They stood watching a fat, unskillful player in a bunker. The sand flew up but the ball remained. Seven agonising shots had been played. The player stopped for breath and then made his eighth attempt. The ball was lobbed up, dropped on the green, and rolling gently to the pin, settled in the hole. "B a g u m, Bill," said one yokel to the other, "he's got a d e v i l o f a j o b o n now."

A negro, charged with stealing a valuable bag from a motor-car was before the court. The judge was not satisfied that he was guilty and said:

"You are acquitted, Sam."

"Acquitted?" repeated Sam, doubtfully. "What yo' m e a n, Jedge?"

"That's the decision —you are acquitted."

Looking puzzled and confused, Sam said: "Does dat mean I have to give de bag back, Jedge?"



DOROTHY SEACOMBE

The beautiful young actress, who is appearing in "The Intimate Revue," which was due at the new Duchess Theatre last night, March 11. Miss Dorothy Seacombe is very well known in the revue and musical-comedy world of the West End, and will be remembered for a success in "Merry Merry," in which she played Conchita



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SUCH CARS AS EVEN HUMBER NEVER BUILT BEFORE



"Ye're a leear it belongs tae me," says Geordie"

Thus Said Calum the Keeper IN FULL POSSESSION. By IAN COLVIN

YOU have no love for the Lowlands," said I to Calum the keeper.

We were sitting on that same hill where he had told me the story of what had not happened to the Serims, and as Calum looked down upon that rich strath, something of an ancient animosity kindled in his eye. "A thrawn, hard, dour folk!" said Calum.

Those who speak of the Scottish nation as if it were one people forget this deep rift between Highlands and Lowlands. Calum's people, time out of mind, had marched down the glen to fire those rich stack-yards that nestled under the trees and return with a herd of cattle before them. And to this day, down there in the strath, the word "Hieland" means anything that is uncouth and barbarous.

"Hard and dour!" said Calum.

"Come now," said I, for I had my own feelings about those Lowland folk, "they're not so black as they're painted."

"They're near," said Calum, "verra near."

"Until you know them," said I.

"I ken them brawly," said Calum. "Yon's where I learned my English."

It may have been already remarked of my friend the keeper, that although he spoke Gaelic like a Highlander, he spoke English like a Lowlander. And this was odd, because the Highlander speaks an English of his own altogether different from the dialects of the south and east.

"How was that?" said I to Calum.

"Weel," Calum replied, "my faither's wife's cousin was a Macpherson, and was keeper to the laird o' Tulliewham, so my faither sent me doon there when I was nae mair than a lad to learn how to rear pheasants an' pairtricks."

There were neither pheasants nor partridges in the country where Calum was born, but only black-cock and red grouse.

"It was a bonny bit place," Calum continued, "in a crook o' the Earn, which is a fine river baith for trout an' salmon. There's good land doon there for corn and for cattle, and an

unco' lot a birds; but I had a sair time keeping the poachers oot o' the plantations. A thrawn, dour, dirty lot o' Lowland Tikes!"

"Until you know them," I repeated, sucking in reminiscence like a sweet under my tongue, ancient memories of Lowland folk. I also, like Calum, had gone down there in my youth.

"Until ye ken them," Calum retorted with sardonic intent, "but ye'll never ken them till they're dead."

"Dead? Calum," I said, rather impressed by his emphasis. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I say," said Calum.

"But you'll admit they're kind—when ye know them."

"I admit naething," said Calum dourly. And then, as if meditating on old memories—"When ye ken them!"

"Aye," he continued after a pause, as one taking up the train of his thoughts. "They were mair than I could fathom. Wha was poachin' an' wha was na poachin' I never could richtly decide till the Laird telt me that I could safely rest on the certain knowledge that they were a' poachers."

"An' there's one," says he, "that ye maun aye watch, though he's growing ower auld to dae muckle hairm. An' that's Davie Wricht. An' if ye ever catch him oot, which ye never will, say naething to him, but come to me, for I've got a sort o' hold over the bodach."

"Weel, Davie lived in a hoose o' his ain (as we a' thocht), a snug, big place on the road near the village o' Smidiehaugh. I watched him, but I never caught him. He was an auld, auld man, long past work, an' he sat in the sun under an auld aik, an' looked at his bees an' whistled whiles, but said verra little, an' I noticed that twa o' his neebours were verra guid to the auld man."

"What did I tell you?" said I.

"The ane o' them, an' his name was Geordie Deuchars, brocht him every mornin' twa eggs for his breakfast, wi' some oatcakes an' butter o' Mrs. Deuchars."

"There you are," said I.

(Continued on p. 503)

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

together to give a badge to those who regularly do valuable volunteer work. I could find plenty of arms to wear it down my way. There is a bunch of youths who punctually every Sunday morning take up their position at a certain cross-road hard by my house. It is true that little or no danger lurks at this point, and that all the youths stand slap-bang in the middle of the road so that they all have to move whenever any vehicle happens along . . . but they are showing the right spirit. There will be no accident whilst these lads of the village are on duty.

Then at another cross-roads the Sabbath finds a very dignified dwarf presiding over our destinies, and very ably he performs. I fancy I once saw him clowning in a circus, but dwarfs are notoriously alike in looks, and I may be mistaken about this. On week-days his place used to be taken by a half-witted girl of lustreless eye, but lately I

have not seen her. She was too conscientious, and likely enough has been run over. For she would as gravely "control" a perambulator on the foot-path as she would deal with a stream of coaches. Lots of people used to laugh at her, though both her utility and futility were pathetic. Me she held in some estimation, for I would solemnly return her salute (given with the finest A.A. flourish even when she "controlled" me on a plumb straight piece of highway with no other traffic in sight. Another one who thoroughly deserves the badge is that man who looks after a very awkward intersection of roads in Eastbourne. He has, I am told, been conscientiously doing this job of work—pretty well all day and every day—for years. It must be at least five since I first noticed him. A little while back some appreciative person, recognising the value of this chap's services, proposed to organise a public subscription for him, which he well deserved. But—according to my information—they don't

(Continued on p. xviii)



AT THE Pitt CLUB AND CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE HARRIERS' HUNT BALL

An interesting group at the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge: Left to right, standing—Felix Leach, the well-known trainer; T. Weston, the jockey; Mrs. Weston. Sitting—R. Jones, another crack; Mrs. Jones; Mrs. R. Perryman; and R. Perryman, yet another famous jockey

Traffic Bosses.

SOME time ago—not very long, but I forget really when it was—some authority (I think it was the Ministry of Transport, but I'm afraid that has slipped my mind, too) represented to the British public that everyone who used the roads should take an interest in traffic, and whenever possible lend a hand to the prevention of a possible mishap. Now the amazing thing is that the people of this country took the tip, and for the last year or so they have been practising traffic control with such determination and address that I am positively shocked to find that in the highway accident statistics there is no indication whatever of the beneficent influence which many thousands of self-appointed amateur policemen ought to have exercised. This is not in the least "writ sarcastic." Upon countless occasions a yokel, who could get nothing for it but the wave of a grateful hand, has saved me time and trouble by signalling that the road was clear. I do not pretend to understand how it comes about that the lower orders, so-called, are far more punctilious and sensible in this respect than most of their "betters," but that this is the case is clearly apparent. Meanwhile, I am afraid I am terribly hard to please. While I am thankful to the old chap who stands at a corner and waves me on, I am only irritated by the cyclist who gives totally unnecessary signals—motor-cyclists do a lot of needless semaphoring—and I am infuriated by the pedestrian who elects to cross the road right in front of my car and imagines that by merely holding up his hand he can legitimately cause all traffic to stop. Of course I don't mind a dear old lady doing this sort of thing providing she doesn't want me to do the utterly impossible, and I don't mind a pretty girl taking liberties with me now and then. But when an ugly male of the species orders me about in a grossly unauthorised manner I have to object. But these perhaps are traffic-defiers rather than traffic-controllers. As for the latter, I think that the R.A.C. and the A.A. should combine



SIR JAMES BARRIE AND LADY PEARSON (MISS GLADYS COOPER)

Walking to St. Michael's Church, Highgate, for the christening of Sir Neville and Lady Pearson's little daughter, who was given the name of Sally. Sir James Barrie and Sir Gerald Du Maurier were the godfathers and Lady Howe and Miss Maxine Elliott the godmothers

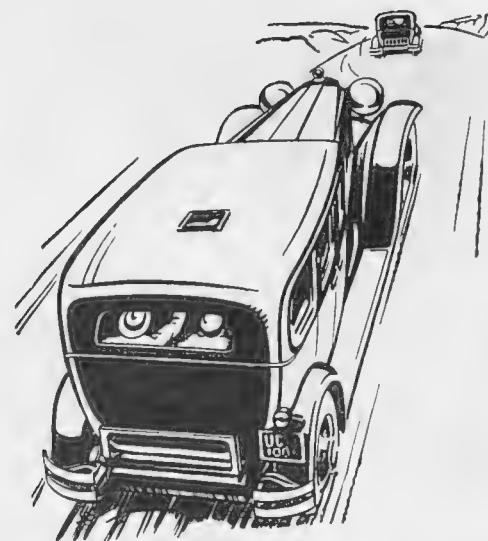


Vivian Pool

MISS JOSEPHINE FLETCHER ON THE RIVER BOYNE
Where another battle was once fought! Captain Andrew Fletcher, Miss Fletcher's father, has taken Lord Conyngham's fishing, and he and Mrs. Fletcher are at Ardmullachan House, Navan

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THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

SPRING, one realises, is an elusive season. Some days are so reminiscent of winter that only the calendar bravely believes in the nearness of summer. Yet, with berets such as these, who could fail to find spring on the most dismal of grey days ?

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Thus Said Calum the Keeper —continued.

"An' the tither," Calum continued unmoved, "brocht him a het denner every day in a hankie."

"And that's my point," said I. "They're kind when you know them."

Calum looked at me with a smouldering eye. "The tither," he went on, "his name was Andrew Wishart, had the name o' being the hardest an' dourest man in the hale pairish o' Smidiehaugh with ane exception, and that was Geordie Deuchars."

"Always the way," said I triumphantly. "The Lowlander never wears his heart on his sleeve."

"Ye're richt there," said Calum.

"So these two good fellows kept the old man alive?"

"Nae question o' alive," said Calum. "He had a' wale 'o tatties an' kale in his bit yaird. But, as I said, they gave him a guid breakfast a' a het denner every day for twa-three years. Geordie Deuchars came in the mornin' an' Andrew Wishart in the middle o' the day as regular as a toon clock."

"Doing good by stealth," said I.

"Aye," said Calum. "I canna richtly tell if the ane kent what the ither was doin' till the last day o' Davie's life. I used to wonder at it."

"Well you might," said I.

"Ye're richt again," said Calum, "for the twa o' them were as sour as sloes in every other particular o' their lives. Nabodie kent but me, and I kent because on the Laird's advice I aye had my eye on Davie."

"How long did you say this went on?" I asked.

"For the best pairt o' three year. But ae mornin' as I passed Davie's hoose he was na' at the door, as was his habit, so I gave a bit whustle, for I liked the auld man, an' as he didna appear, I went up an' gie a chap at the door. I had the better title to inquire as Davie was a great borrower o' bits o' things, for he was aye working at his hoose, an' he would borrow whiles a hammer, an' whiles a saw, and I had aye a job to get them oot o' Davie again."

"Weel, I chappit at his door an' an auld wife put her noose oot, an' I saw she was the Smidiehaugh midwife, so I feared the worst."

"Is Davie in?" says I.

"Aye," says she.

"Can I see him," says I.

"No," says she.

"Why no?" says I.

"Because he's deid," says she.

"Did he happen to say anything aboot a pattie o' green pent I lent him afore he died," says I.

"No," says she.

"Weel, I'll just come in-by and look for it," says I.

"So she opened the door and went back to her work, which was to lay oot the corpse on the bed, an' I steppit in, and there were Andrew Wishart and Geordie Deuchars sittin' on either side o' the fire, glowerin' the ane at the ither —like a cat an' a dog."

"Weel, I lookit aboot an' I saw my pattie o' pent, an' a puttie knife for bye that I had lent poor Davie, so I pickit them up, an' was makin' for the door, when Andrew stopped me."

"Ye're gae free-handed with other folk's goods," says he.

"Hoots, they're my ain," says I.

"That's for the law tae decide," says he.

"An' what's it got to dae wi ye?" says Geordie every sharp-like to Andrew.

"That will presently appear," says Andrew to Geordie.

"Then Geordie turned to me, and says he, 'Tak' them, Calum, my lad, I dinna grudge them.'

(Continued on p. xxiv)

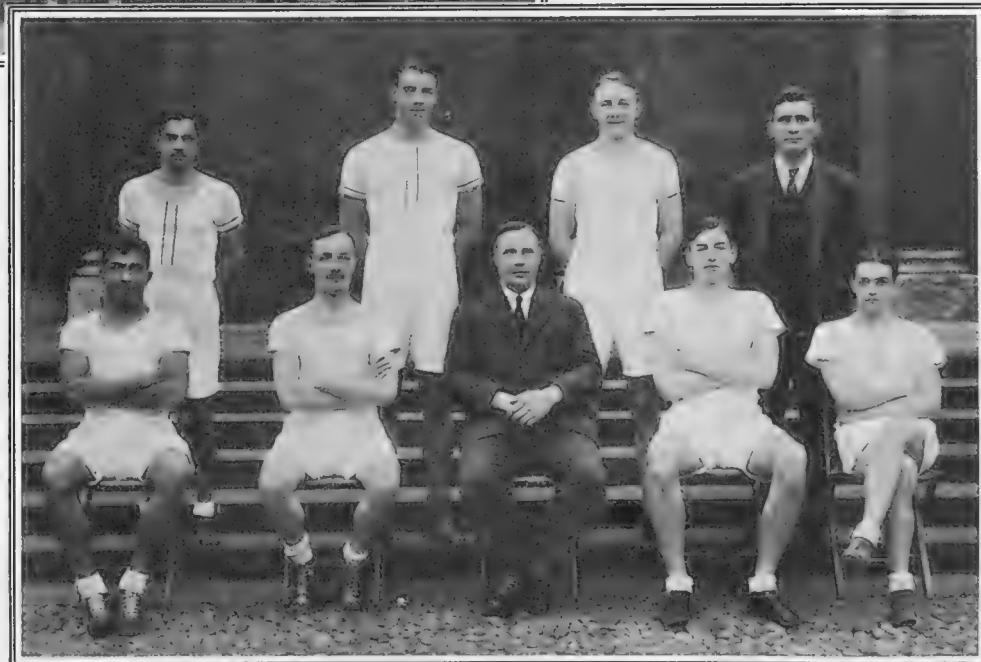


OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOXING TEAM

The names, left to right, are: Back row—Frank Harvey, trainer; C. P. Pullan, middle-weight, Malvern and Trinity; the Marquess of Graham, heavy-weight, Eton and Christ Church; W. P. Thesiger, light-heavy, Eton and Magdalene; T. R. F. Cox, welter-weight, Trinity (Dublin) and University; Jack Morley, trainer. Second row—C. L. Deveson, feather-weight, Haberdashers' (Aske's, Hatcham), and Balliol; P. G. Van-der-Byl, hon. secretary, Brasenose College; M. J. Bessel, light-heavy, Beaumont and St. John's, captain; R. F. Woolmer, hon. treasurer, University College; S. Lottinville, bantam-weight, Oklahoma, U.S.A., and St. Catharine's College

The Inter-Varsity Boxing took place at Cambridge this year on March 6, but as this paper has to go to press before the result can reach us we can do no more than publish these groups of the two teams engaged

Photographs by R. S. Crisp



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOXING TEAM

The names, left to right, are: Back row—M. S. A. Baig, bantam-weight, Trinity College; F. D. G. O'Dwyer, heavy-weight, Jesus College; A. H. Charles, middle-weight, Caius College; W. Child, boxing instructor, amateur middle-weight champion 1908, 1909, and 1911. Second row—D. G. Obeyesekere, welter-weight, Trinity College; J. Shackleton, light-weight, St. Catharine's; Donald Portway, president, St. Catharine's; S. Knox-Cunningham, light-heavy, Clare College; and D. F. Gleed, feather-weight, Caius College



Finalists in the Kent County Foursomes: Miss Robinson (Chislehurst), Miss Moberley (Langley Park), Mrs. Marsham Townsend (Chislehurst), and Mrs. Sheed (Langley Park). Langley Park, giving two strokes, beat Chislehurst by 5 and 4. The final was played on the lovely Knole Park course

"CURIOSER and curioser," said Alice. The four ones in one family have been capped by three ones by one lady in one year. The player in question is Mrs. Edeson, the course

Sherwood, the year 1929. It really is very wonderful. Of course Sherwood, if you listen to that enchanting song of Alfred Noyes, suggests that all sorts of wonderful things might happen in Sherwood "About the break of day," but those three ones are solid fact. Congratulations are the very least one can send Mrs. Edeson, particularly as it appears that no other lady has ever holed her tee shot there.

From Sherwood to Sevenoaks is a far cry, but the lilt of the song suggests deer, and deer are one of the features of Sevenoaks, or rather one should say Knole Park. What did that herd of youngsters think of the shots which they watched, with those great ears of theirs pricked forward in the final of the Kent County Foursomes? What particularly did those two cynical old gentlemen with their dozen of points dozing amongst the ruins by the eighth tee consider the appropriate remark when Mrs. Marsham Townsend plopped into the pond and Mrs. Sheed missed a very short putt? Of course that is beginning in the middle of the story, but there are so many stories somehow attached to Knole.

Leave out all the historical associations of the house itself with folk like Cranmer and Henry VIII and the Lord Sackville to whom Queen Elizabeth gave the property, one would still like to know whether it really is a fact that the house has a room for every day of the year, an entrance for every month of it, and an acre of roof for every day of the week. What would it feel like to sleep under your own roof in a different room for 365 consecutive nights? All of which is idle speculation, only when you have panted up to the fifth hole and farther on to the sixth tee, and that glorious vista of Tudor chimneys meets your eye, it is impossible not to forget about golf for a little bit and think about the wonderful old house and the birds and the sun and the blue sky and the beautiful springy turf and the wonderful greens and the clever way they seem to sit secure in natural places just like the best greens on the

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

best seaside courses do. It was like emerging into fairyland after leaving a foggy morning behind London.

The occasion (now we really are getting down to brass tacks) was the final between Langley Park, represented by Miss Moberley and Mrs. Sheed, against Chislehurst, whose pair was Mrs. Marsham Townsend and Miss Robinson. Langley was giving two strokes, and set about the business with just that determination which the givers of strokes must always show early in the proceedings if they want to set up a proper inferiority complex within the hearts of their opponents. That was what Langley effectually did, for Chislehurst only managed to win one hole on the outward half, Mrs. Sheed getting down a very excellent putt to prevent Chislehurst getting so much as a half at the 7th, the first of the strokes. Having turned 5 down, the courage of despair evidently seized Chislehurst, and they won the next two holes, but Langley were not to be denied; they won the 12th and 13th, and with a half at the 14th had the match by 5 and 4. It was their just reward.

There are some courses round which you may watch a match, upon reporting bent, with never a wish to play yourself; not so Knole Park. To see such a course and not play on it would be the refinement of torture beside which the trials of Tantalus would rank as nothing. Happily, it was but an eighteen-hole match, and so in the afternoon there was a little unofficial encounter between "Fairway and Hazard" making her debut on the links and THE TATLER. Shall we record what happened? Never. There were various little impediments, such as borrowed jerseys, borrowed clubs, no nails in shoes, but what matter. There was the course to be played over, with all its fascinating problems to be solved. Only one more word remains to be said. If anybody has a visitor, particularly from overseas, who is historically minded as well as a golfer, let them spend at least a day running down to

Sevenoaks, and after seeing the house, let them somehow wangle an introduction to play over the course. One fancies that neither will disappoint them.

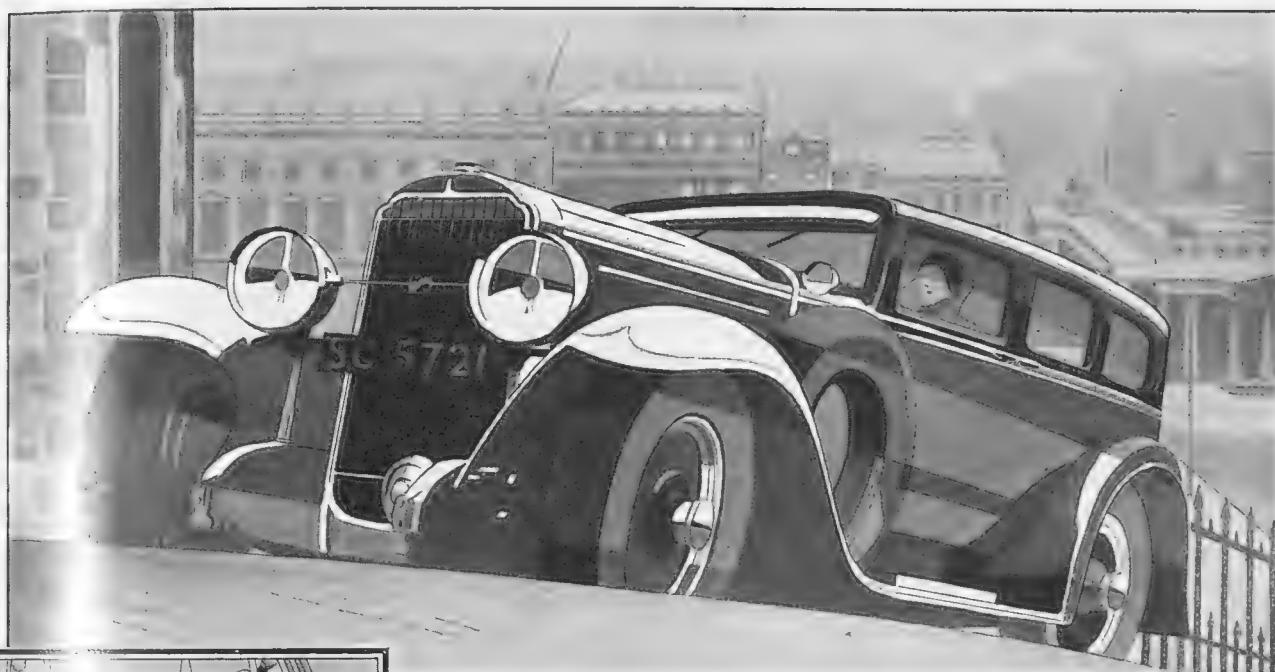
All "Eve's" golfing activities, Foursomes, Monthly Medal Competitions, etc., are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a special golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme.



Mrs. Dermer and Mrs. Beane (left), playing for Foxgrove, and Miss Crosby-Hill and Mrs. Grahame (right), playing for Knole Park, were the defeated semi-finalists in the Kent County Foursomes. Chislehurst beat Foxgrove by 2 and 1, and Knole Park took Langley Park to the 20th green before being defeated after a fine match



Up Edinburgh's steepest slopes to the Castle Courtyard . . . via the 1-in-6 gradient of Ramsay Lane . . . *all in top gear!*



A 1930 Buick Empire Saloon making the turn into Ramsay Lane in top gear

THREADING through a crowd of cars, taking a blind turn, climbing a steep hill! . . . Then more traffic . . . more turns . . . yet more hills! Such are the conditions commonly met in town and on country roads.

So that, for even a short run, most drivers must reach to the gear-lever again and again and again.

No wonder, then, that those who have once driven the Buick are so enthusiastic about it—because this famous car can do practically anything in top gear!

In fact, almost the only time the Buick driver needs to touch the gear-lever is when he starts from a dead stop.

The experience told on the left is typical of the Buick's amazing top-gear performance.

For this car, with only a 5 m.p.h. start, can soar up a steep grade in top all the way—can advance at a mere 4 m.p.h. without changing down and then accelerate in a flash (actually from 10 m.p.h. to 40 in just 12 seconds in top)! It will do more than 70 m.p.h. on the open road—smoothly, silently, and under absolute control, for the new internal-expand-

ing four-wheel Duo-Servo brakes will bring it to a stop in just a few seconds even at high speeds . . . The new double-acting Lovejoy shock-absorbers and semi-elliptic springs make rough roads smooth.

Such brilliant performance is due to the Buick's overhead-valve engine—8% more powerful in the 1930 models than in earlier Buicks—developed through more than 26 years' devotion to a sound engineering principle.

Judge for yourself about this car. Drive it 50 miles or farther. Any dealer will gladly lend you one. No obligation. Then you will understand why this famous car is so widely chosen among fine cars.

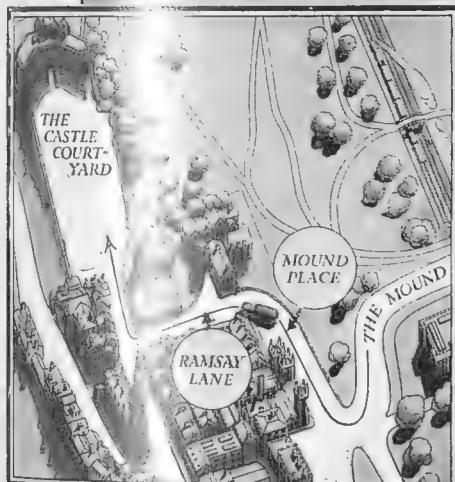
Prices from £485 to £695 . . .

See the Marquette, too—smaller, lighter, lower in price, but built in the Buick tradition.

Write for detailed specifications to General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

BUICK

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



At the end of Mound Place the route to Edinburgh Castle turns at a right-angle up Ramsay Lane. So here most drivers must drop into second or first and move slowly up the slope . . . But the Buick driver takes the turn into Ramsay Lane in top and ascends its 1-in-6 slope, reaching the crest at 10 m.p.h. still in top. Then, with no gear change, he makes the last bend and sweeps into the Castle Courtyard at 25 m.p.h. All the way from Princes Street to the Castle with not a single change down in the Buick—easily, with power to spare!

* * *

The Highway of Fashion : M. E. BROOKE

The Ancient Lineage of the Shawl.

SHAWLS are of ancient lineage, indeed many authorities contend that they were the forerunners of the Grecian tunics which, with slight modifications, are worn by the Egyptian women to-day. There was nothing easier to create; when the material was taken from those earlier looms the threads of the warp were left hanging from two opposite edges; the fringe that decorates many of the modern shawls is a direct survival of this occurrence. In the world of dress to-day there are unmistakable signs that the shawl, with its almost infinite wealth of adaptation, will come again into its own.

* * *

Paisley Shawls of the Victorian Era.

India gave the world probably the most beautiful examples of shawls. From Cashmere came the finest hand-woven and embroidered shawls, woven with marvellous dexterity and diligence of fine soft woollen or silken yarns, and frequently a combination of both. Sashes made of the same yarns were often enriched by weaving gold thread into the ends and borders. These shawls were copied early in the nineteenth century in Paisley, and were highly valued and treasured during the early days of Queen Victoria. Norwich and the South are well-known for their beautiful productions; these shawls are printed on silk and a combination of silk and woollen yarns. The designs are mainly Persian, but sometimes the design is not purely geometrical, but rendered with flowers, which impart a remarkable degree of daintiness and charm. Among other centres of this industry Merton Abbey stands out conspicuously. Here the printing of shawls has been carried on with marked success by a staff of skilful and enthusiastic workmen who carry on the traditions of this craft, using silk, and silk and wool in combination, applying the same methods of dyeing and of colour application by hand, pressing into their service the same pattern blocks as have been in continuous use for more than a hundred years, while five Sovereigns have guided the destiny of this Empire.

* * *

Many Blocks and Many Colours.

To-day there are many lovely fabrics that have passed the great dress censor for the fashioning of shawls; those produced by Liberty are unrivalled. The illustrations on this page show that they have achieved their object in creating lovely shawls, many of which are worthy of a position in the treasure-house of the world, as they are perfect specimens of the silk hand-printer's art. A slight idea of the work entailed in the printing of them may be gleaned from the fact that in the Chinese ribbon shawl on the extreme right 620 blocks are used and twelve colours, while in the one showing a rose and pine design 368 blocks are used and seven colours. These perfect specimens of the silk printer's art may be seen in Liberty's (Regent Street, W.) salons, where they are companied with an infinite variety of others ranging in price from 30s. It is impossible to do justice to the colour schemes in words; they must be seen to be appreciated.



Liberty of Regent Street, W., has created these graceful shawls, the patterns being hand-printed at historic Merton. In the Chinese ribbon one on the right 620 blocks are used and twelve colours employed, while in the one with the rose border and pine design 368 blocks are used and seven colours

Romance and Industry.

A striking example of the association of romance and industry is afforded by Liberty's silk printing works at Merton. At this historic Surrey village, which is now a suburb of London, the printing silk industry proceeds; it forms a direct link with medieval times. In a meadow on the banks of the Wandle stand the quaint old buildings in which are printed the beautiful designs on silk which Liberty's have made peculiarly their own. Not by machinery but by hand are these delightful

(Continued on p. iii)

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON



VRAUD, Leo. Born 1888. Big game hunter. Affectionately known to large circle of acquaintances as "Old Vraud." Followed big game across Darkest Africa with an electric torch. Big game turned suddenly. Vraud owes life to remarkable agility. *Publications*: "Rabbit snares and how to make them." "Deer stalking with a Lewis gun." "Tree climbing for Health." Fellow of the S.P.W.T. (Society for the Promotion of Worthington as a Tonic). Address (When in England) : "The Worthington Arms," Salt Ash-on-Sea.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

effects produced, a process to which the charm of the Liberty printed silks is largely due. The fact that such work is done to-day is almost a romance in itself but there is actual connection with the historic past in this meadow factory at Merton. Within sound of the fall of the printer's leaden mallet stood the Abbey of Merton, where were educated Thomas à Beckett, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, and Walter de Merton, founder of the Oxford College that bears his name. Here, too, a Parliament met in 1235, which in the Statute of Merton embodied the famous clause, "We will not change the laws of England which up to now have been used and approved."

* * *

Glowing Colours Impressed.

Other memories, too, linger here, for it was at Merton Place that in 1803 Nelson provided a home for Emma, Lady Hamilton, and their "loved Horatia." Here came the news of Trafalgar with its loss of "lover and father." A place of memories indeed! For after Merton came the debtor's prison and the poverty and squalid death at Calais. So the grim medieval conventual life, the storm and stress of early political warfare, the romance of a hero's love, and the conduct of a beautiful industry converge in this meadow at Merton. Truly the thud of those leaden mallets should rouse echoes as they impress the glowing colour on the yielding surface of the silk.

* * *

Balancing with the Dress.

It would need many folios to do justice to the spring song of the Condor hats; they represent the very latest commands of Fashion. The first bombshell, so to speak, is that the crowns will be shallow and the brims wide; this is essential in order that harmony may prevail between them and the dresses; indeed the Empire influence is noticeable in many of them. Now regarding the fabricating mediums. Panama-jaque is new; it really is a polished Panama, and is decidedly costly, as it is endowed with unique draping possibilities. Calendered linen is certainly not new, nevertheless it is the latest recruit in the kingdom of millinery. Sometimes it is punctured, and suggests filigree work; sometimes it is embroidered, and sometimes threads are drawn; it is seen in conjunction with felt and Baku; the last-mentioned straw is being warmly applauded. Again, there is Jersey straw that suggests flat beads, a Panama that is made of paper; then there is ostrich-jersey, horse-hair, and a linen that looks like a dish-cloth; neither must the tweed and straw mixtures be overlooked as they are just right for out-of-town wear. Soft cashmeres and crêpe de chines are used for the draped turbans.

"Cut is Everything."

Cut is everything say the great Parisian milliners, a fact that is endorsed in the Condor hats, and to-day it is justifiable to paraphrase the line, "She wore a white camelia in her hair," to "She wore a nose-gay in her hat." There are the wonderfully-cut brims, sometimes overlapping, sometimes cut away, sometimes uplifted; they need a cluster or bouquet of flowers, frequently of the woodland character, and the

edges—they are often transparent and may or may not be stitched. Crowns are unlined and are also transparent. For instance, a model of black crinoline would have insertions of maple leaves expressed in lace, the stems of which projected.

* * *

Reminiscent of Elephant's Hair.

And now about the individual Condor models that may be seen in the salons of the notable milliners; their G.H.Q. is 51, Barbican, E.C., and should difficulty be experienced in obtaining the same they will be pleased to send the name and address of their nearest agent on application. A véritable triumph of the milliner's art is of the picture genre; it is of black tuscan straw and has been treated to look like elephant's or horse's hair which is crocheted; the base of the crown and inner part of the brim are supported with felt. In striking contrast to this is one that may well be described as a Dutch-bonnet helmet; the helmet portion is made of Baku and the Dutch-bonnet portion of moiré. Modish alliances are Baku and linen felt and linen. Another new note is the facing the brims of straw hats with embroidered linen and cotonne. There are tuckings and creasings on the crowns. Furthermore there is a unique collection of draped toques and turbans innocent of backs and with short fronts and uneven at the sides. Some of them suggest the Neapolitan fisherman's cap, the apex turned over and caught with a flower; there is much work, however, in the part that fits the head; it is composed of innumerable pieces, and the cut is the acme of perfection.

* * *

Those Charming Frocks.

There is no doubt whatsoever about it that the frocks in the ready-to-wear department at Jay's, Regent Street, W., are altogether charming. They are all thoroughly practical, nevertheless the latest commands of Fashion are mirrored in them. Who would not desire to become the possessor of the frock portrayed on this page? It is expressed in black georgette, and is a mass of intricate detail which alone will ensure its success. The slightly raised waist-line is cleverly introduced, and so is the little bolero effect. The lace vest is flanked by a new trimming; it gives the impression of steel crystal and ever retains its original freshness. It will be noticed that no fullness is permitted until the bend of the leg is passed. A strong point in favour of this *chef d'œuvre* is that it is non-committal in character, and as a consequence will remain undated indefinitely, nevertheless it is modestly priced at 162 guineas. All interested in the world of dress must write for Jay's (Regent Street, W.) catalogue, as it is a veritable mine of information relative to this all-important subject.



Picture by Blake Studios

A FASHIONABLE FROCK

This frock is very different from those of last season. It is of soft black georgette reinforced with a lace vest and steel crystal trimming. It is a study in simple sophistication an art in which the House of Jay, Regent Street, W., excels. It comes from the ready-to-wear department

NEW TAILOR MADES

[BY MONSIEUR HABETIN
of DEBENHAM & FREEBODY]



A CRAFTSMAN of outstanding ability will always achieve an immediate success. Less than a month ago, Monsieur Habetin entered our employ, and the business in our TAILOR-MADE SECTION has shown such rapid strides that already we have found it necessary to enlarge his workrooms. Monsieur Habetin is an artist as well as a craftsman, and his productions have a distinctive cachet which makes a strong appeal to the woman who requires smartness of line and individuality in her tailored costumes. Monsieur Habetin's models are made in ultra-fashionable Cumberland Tweeds, all the newest French and English fabrics, including coatings, tweeds, and men's suitings. Our Spring collection of ready to wear tailor mades portrays the latest style in coats and skirts, the less severe ensembles, and an infinite variety of smart suits for sports wear.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

No. 1. FASHIONABLE TAILORED SUIT in various new Spring suitings. Cut on perfectly plain lines with insets of own material; box pleated skirt.
Made specially to order by Monsieur Habetin from.....

10½
GUINEAS

ATTRACTIVE PETERSHAM HAT can be supplied to match.

4
GUINEAS

No. 2. SMART TAILORED SUIT in various new Spring Tweeds. Coat cut on cardigan lines, with patent leather belt. Skirt box pleated both sides.
Made specially to order by Monsieur Habetin from.....

10½
GUINEAS

Becoming STITCHED FELT HAT to match, with underbrim of stitched crêpe de Chine.....

4½
GUINEAS

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.1.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

TENNIS FASHIONS

The House of Selfridge, Oxford Street, W., comes of age this week, therefore there are great rejoicings. In order to celebrate this event Selfridge's are giving instead of receiving birthday offerings. There are notable attractions in every department at "gift" prices. A visit is needed to realize just what this signifies; of course the literature about this new idea in birthdays must be carefully read



The Suzanne Lenglen tennis knickers and blouse with adjustable skirt have come to Selfridge's; they are of Rodier's shantung, while the Suzanne Lenglen sports frock is of washing dimity silk. It is cut in one although it suggests a jumper and skirt. And the prices, well they are the birthday ones



Daimler



The New Daimler "Twenty-five"

A PRESS OPINION

A remarkable new car . . . definitely progressive. Maximum service . . . minimum attention. Needs less skilful care than any other. Perfectly delightful to drive. Admirable steering . . . wide lock, small turning circle . . . Bumps and holes ironed out . . . Car remains happy when driving fast . . . The smoothest six-cylinder Daimler have built . . . like the proverbial steam engine at slow speeds . . . Absence of vibration when revving fast . . . does not get rough or coarse when 'all out' . . . Acceleration on top gear exceedingly rapid . . . 10 to 30 m.p.h. in just under 9 secs. Gear changing reduced to a minimum.

—*The Autocar.*

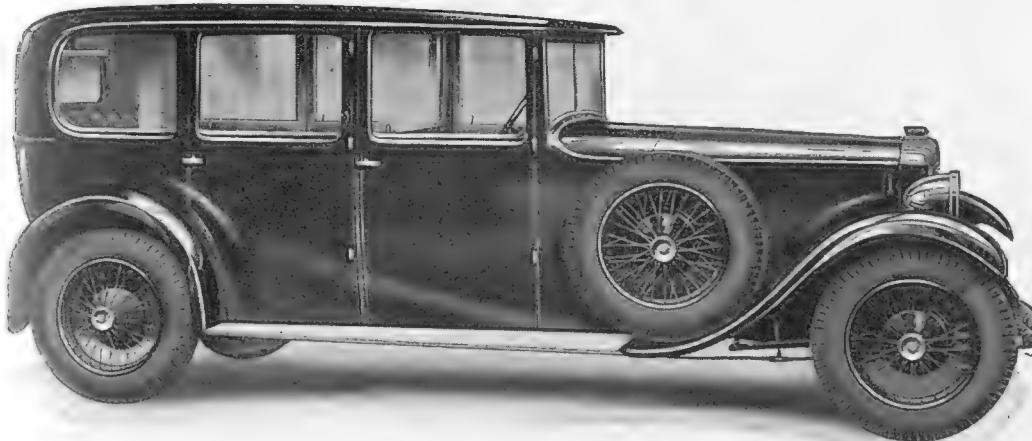
AN OWNER'S OPINION

I confirm that after 1,000 miles running the engine and transmission are very quiet and vibrationless, the whole car a sound engineering job.

The 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours run down was over wet roads, part of the time during heavy rain.

So far, the highest speed attained is 75 m.p.h. at which speed the engine ran sweetly and easily, with a complete absence of "fuss."

The steering at any speed is miraculously light and as North Cornwall is a county of hills and winding roads, the easy steering, lightning acceleration and smooth braking make driving a pleasure.—Ref. No. 1050.



THE NEW DAIMLER "TWENTY-FIVE" ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE ONLY £1,325 (*Coachwork by Connaught*)
Enclosed Landaulette can be supplied at the same price.

This latest Daimler embodies an exquisite example of modern Connaught coachwork, with all the unmistakable qualities of skilful and experienced craftsmanship. With all its external beauty and dignity, and deep luxury within, the cost of the car complete to the last detail is

only £1,325 Connaught—the coachwork specialists—are main agents for all Daimler models, and will supply this same coachwork to individual requirements for any Daimler chassis. Detailed specifications and drawings will be furnished on request.

Connaught

for Daimler

For full details of Daimler models, specifications and trial runs come or write to—
 THE CONNAUGHT MOTOR AND CARRIAGE CO. LTD., 34-36, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQ., W.1. 'PHONE MAYFAIR 5048.

THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. COVENTRY

CORSETS

Special Demonstration on Living Figures

From 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. on
Monday, March 10th and
the following days until
March 21st inclusive.
(Afternoons only).



A NEW GOS-
SARD SOLI-
TAIRE suitable
for a medium
figure requiring
waist control
with a smooth
bust line. Sizes
32 to 40. Price

31/6

A NEW ELASTIC
BELT, woven
without hip seam
—made in various
fittings with low,
medium or higher
waistline. Sizes 26
to 33. Prices 55/6
and 63/-

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE-STREET AND OXFORD-STREET
LONDON W1

From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

over the Devon, and soon crossed the Smite into South Notts country. They raced for thirty minutes before checking for a moment, but recovering the line almost at once, went on steadily past Orston Village and through Car Colston, heading now straight for the Trent. Hounds were steadily gaining on their fox, and it was soon obvious that it was going to be a race for the main earth near Old Hill. With only half a mile to go he still had not been viewed when suddenly the huntsman viewed him just ahead dead-beat, and hounds quickly rolled him over in the middle of a grass field on the banks of the Trent not 200 yards from his objective. It was a brilliant gallop, sixty-two minutes with a point of seven miles, and the bitch pack showed to great advantage all through.

From the Fernie

Good hunting still falls to our pack this wonderful open season. With Peaker in the saddle again hounds met at Shearsby on Monday, February 24. Quite a party of convalescents were present in cars. Lord Ebury, the Hon. Diana Fellowes, and Major Guy Paget, all recovering from recent accidents. Lady Zia Wernher was also on foot this day, no doubt Leicester's chases calling. The huntsman's horse was much admired. Gilmorton failed us but Walton Holt, after some delay, made amends. The lady on the dun was in an unpleasant predicament at the covert-side; her horse, taking suddenly ill, lay down and rolled. Veterinary assistance, however, was at hand, and fortunately a second horse. Hounds ran a six-mile point to Willoughby Waterless over the best of country. Several were on the mat. Our immaculate physician came through it. Congratulations to Colonel Wernher on his good win on the Tuesday with Ballasport, well ridden by "Reggie", son of the famous "Tom" of Harboro. May his G.N. mount carry him as well. On Wednesday evening the Joint Masters entertained the farmers right royally. Over 600 attended a dinner given in the covered tennis courts of Thorpe Lubenham Hall. Good-will in the Fernie country remains assured.

From the Heythrop

Monday at Boulter's Barn was a bitterly cold day with a piercing north wind and snow showers, resulting in scent completely going to H—l, and we would all willingly have gone with it to that warmer clime, as in addition to mere physical discomforts, outwardly and inwardly, the ground, like the curate's egg, was bad in places. However a brace of foxes died in their sleep before the day was over. On Wednesday, when we met at Ledwell, there were thick patches of fog, and the day started badly with a succession of blank draws and still more blank faces as all the odds-on favourites let us down. It was quite late in the afternoon when the tenant of Buttermilk Gorse was evicted and gave us a good hunt to Heythrop where he escaped. On Friday hounds were welcomed at Cornbury Park by Mr. Oliver Watney for a day in the Wyrewood Forest. There was plenty of jumping powder for those who required it, but about the only jump we saw was the jump for joy a young lady's horse gave, which unseated the young lady, who was bulging with indignation. On Saturday Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield refreshed a large field at Barrington. The morning was particularly uneventful, but in the afternoon two good hunts were scored.

From the York and Ainsty

On Thursday, February 27, the North pack had quite a good day from Staveley, finishing up near Nidd, but there was "nothing doing" with the South at Haxby on the same day, there being no scent whatever except such as may have been brought out by the ladies on their handkerchiefs. Poor Mattie has certainly been unlucky so far, and in doubt if the Holderness visitor will catch the early train from King's Cross another time. On Saturday, March 1, David met at Eastington for the first time, and this "expedition to the Far East" was a distinct success, one fox being caught by Featherbed Lane and another at Wressle, while others were found in Brind Leys and Breighton Common. Mrs. S. will have to tighten her girths another time. The Northerners from Helpeth (Monday) had their best day of the season, with fast gallops from Rufford (Tuesday) and Alne Willowgarth, "catching" both times. Rufford (Tuesday, 4th) as usual, brought out a large crowd, who were inclined to "mingle" unduly with the lady pack. We had a capital forty minutes from Rufford Whin, with enough jumping to satisfy anybody.

From Lincolnshire

Recent sport has gone very well, but none better than on February 2 from Marton. Hounds then went away on a fox from Harpswell Wood as if glued to his brush, and hardly ever left the line till they killed him stone cold at the Larches, after running 2 hr. 45 min. Seven found the floor but no great harm was done. There is probably a better preserver of foxes than Mr. Sleight of Binbrook Hall, and when the Brocklesby met at Kelstern (February 26) they got hold of a lead. There were umpteen foxes lying out—thanks to successful bolting and stopping on the previous day. Was it the immortal Jorrocks who said "No one shd be allowed to 'holler' or set up his jaw wot hasn't paid his subscription"? A lot of this and over-riding has been seen with at least one county pack recently, and many a promising gallop consequently nipped in the bud! Education in this connection is badly lacking, and a huntsman's equanimity is often strained!



Avoiding hazards....

Spring is the most popular time for men to buy plus-four suits. It is also the most hazardous.

In the springtime, in moments of joyous abandon, a man frequently finds it very difficult to distinguish the buoyant from the boisterous. This year when there is a distinct tendency towards bigger and better plus-fours in brighter patterns, the safety of the "New Tailoring" as a method of buying a sports suit is even more marked than usual.

It is so easy when a suit is chosen in finished form to see just how light-hearted a cloth you can wear. Just as it is a simple matter to make sure that the cut, the fit, and the tailoring are all up to the standard you demand before you even consider the question of purchase.

**SPORTS SUITS - 3-piece 5 to 7 gns.
4-piece (Plus-fours & Trousers) 7 & 8 gns.**

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

TEN
"NEW TAILORING"
CENTRES
103-113 Regent Street,
W. 1
24 Coventry St., W. 1
and
13 Fenchurch Street,
E.C. 3
Glasgow, Birmingham,
Liverpool, Manchester,
Sheffield, Leeds & Bristol

THE "NEW TAILORING" — *The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth*

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

Weddings and Engagements

Marrying in Zurich.

On March 29 there will be a marriage at Zurich between Mr. Humphrey C. Beck, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Beck of Sandringham, Norfolk, and Miss Lili Grossmann, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Paul Grossmann and of Mrs. Grossmann of Zurich.

Next Month.

April 29 is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. David Maxwell and Miss Alethea Turville Petre, which will take place at St. James's, Spanish Place; Captain Nicholas Robert Coles is marrying Miss Aeddan

Cicely Green, on the 24th, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens; and on the 12th there is the wedding of Mr. Morton (Tony) Smale, the only son of Mr. Herbert Smale of 15, Harley Street, W., and Miss Constance Hasell of New Plymouth, N.Z., which takes place in New Zealand.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Hubert Holdrich Fisher, F.R.C.S. (Edin.), Surgeon-Lieutenant, Royal Navy, the only son of Dr. H. H. Fisher of Sitting-

bourne, Kent, and Miss Barbara Christabel Large, only daughter of Mrs. Winefrede Large of Bedford Park, London; Mr. Morris Lindsay Taylor, Deputy Town



Hay Wrightson
LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS. W. D. BROWN

Who were married recently in Hong Kong Cathedral. The bride was formerly Miss Dora Stewart, and is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Allan H. Stewart of Hong Kong

sayles, Boxmoor, and Miss Hermione Elfrida Mary Whitehead, daughter of Mr. Rowland Whitehead, K.C., and Mrs. Whitehead of White Cross, Wallingford.



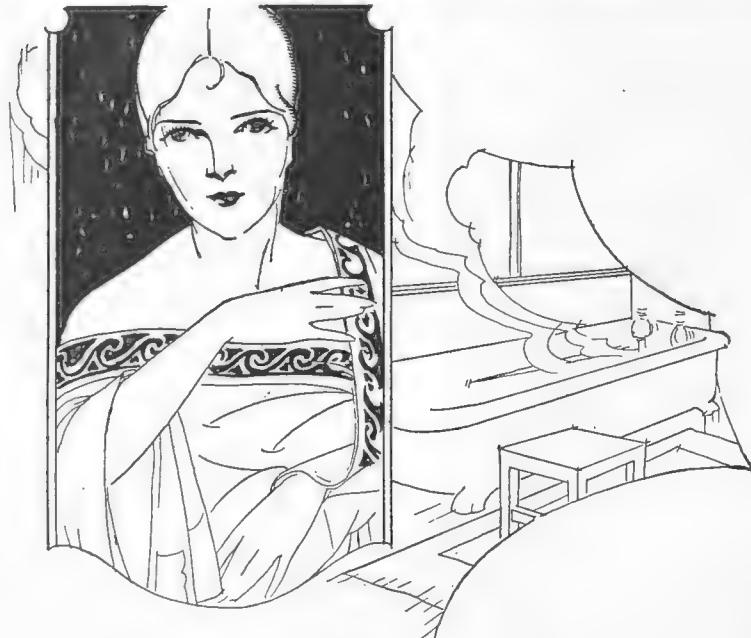
Hay Wrightson
MISS ELIZABETH SHUTER

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Shuter of Tower House, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who is to marry Mr. Maurice Willmott, M.C., late 60th Rifles



Bassano
MISS JAYNEY GRIFFITHS

Who is engaged to Mr. Edgar Knowles of Harrogate, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Griffiths of Tyncoed House, Tonyrefail, Glamorgan



"My bath soap"

It's a soap that enhances the complexion and safeguards health by killing all germs one collects in a day's work or play. It soothes a tender skin and invigorates a tired body. Its name is Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and it has been recommended by Doctors for sixty-five years.

**WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP**
Best for the Bath

TINTED DAMASKS— A NEW INSPIRATION FOR DINNER TABLES!

The very spirit of welcome is in the modern table linen—golden or rose-coloured Damask that makes the table glow like a jewel under its shaded lights... cool green tints that set uncounted emeralds sparkling in the glass and silver.

So lovely is this new fashion that society hostesses are adopting it with enthusiasm. Practical, too. For, thanks to the skill of modern dye-chemists, these delicate colours will not fade under the strongest light; and they will come back from the laundry week after week as fresh and gay as when they were new.

The idea of making the table-cloth a part of the colour scheme is so new that every hostess will welcome the handbook on the new Damask which has been published by the Old Bleach Linen Company. It has many helpful suggestions to offer for original and lovely colour combinations on the dining-table, and is illustrated by coloured photographs of some of the new Old Bleach Damasks. Write to the Old Bleach Linen Company, Randalstown, Northern Ireland, for a copy.



An Old Bleach two-tone damask cloth in a warm golden shade
that brings the glow of sunshine to the table.

OLD BLEACH LINEN

The lovely texture of Old Bleach Linen is almost everlasting. It is bleached on the grass by sun and wind in the old, old way that keeps all the suppleness and lustre of the flax. And the delicate colours are guaranteed sunfast and washfast.

Furniture by Curtis Moffatt, Ltd.

Pictures in the Fire—continued

ocean blue that a cold perspiration besprinkles their brow, and they have a feeling as if they had swallowed a toad. What a triumph it would be if any chef could induce such a person to face some birds'-nest soup *en tasse*! This is the menu for the present competition:—

Ponche à la Romaine
Fillets de sole au vin blanc
Pointes d'asperges Regence
Cerises Marjorie
Café Turque.

Consommé aux nids des Salangales
Ris de veau piqué sauce Madéra
Mont Blanc
Royans à l'Eufe

In Sir Ormonde Winter's other activities, he was in his day one of the best gentlemen riders on the flat in all India, and more than held his own against the professional talent, his weight allowing him to enter the lists where the average G.R., however good, would have been debarred. He is a highly competent vet. and, I think, an actual holder of a degree; anyway his book, *Horse-Shoeing*, is one of the best of its kind, and of his War service his fine record is sufficiently eloquent. The D.S.O. and bar is usually considered the equivalent of the major decoration, and in his case surely is so, for he got it for rolling shells away from a burning dump. He commanded the 11th Division during the operations which resulted in the fall of Cambrai, and when he went to Ireland during the thing facetiously called "The Throuble" as Deputy Chief of Police and Director of Intelligence, the "death warrants" he received, which were almost numerous enough to paper a room, entirely failed to appal him. It may be recalled that in one of the various ambushes arranged for prominent

officials during that period Ormonde Winter got a bullet through the hand when lighting a cigarette as his car was driving through the danger zone. In spite of this, it is recorded, he stood up and emptied his revolver at his assailants. It is because of all these things, and of others, that I feel we ought not to have any doubts as to who to back in this cookery contest!

* * *

What is called the light-horse section of the show at Islington held on Tuesday, and they were followed by the hunters and the ponies, the National Pony Society's part of it. This section of an always entertaining thing really began over-night at a dinner at which a very popular figure in the hunting and horse-breeding (official) world was the kind host, and which was held at a place I think may be recognised if it is called The In and Out. Masters of hounds, Remount people, coaching celebrities, secretaries to famous packs, eminent artists, and even a hunting author were amongst the guests. That which Colonel Spence-Colby, M.F.H. (his own hounds) President of the Hunters Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, said at the inaugural lunch was most heartily endorsed. Colonel Spence-Colby said:

One of the points which I have specially in mind is the improvement in brood mares, a department catered for by the Brood Mare Scheme initiated by the Society some years ago. At present the Society has about 130 mares located about the country. This number might easily be increased if owners of suitable mares, which for various reasons are no longer fit for hunting, would present them to the Society to place with suitable custodians.



THE BERKS AND BUCKS STAGHOUNDS

A group taken on the day these hounds, who hunt the country once hunted by the Royal Buckhounds, met at Lillibrook Manor, Cox Green, Mr. Harold Parson's old thirteenth-century house. General Carpenter, Mrs. Foster-Cox, and Mrs. Shakle, the Master's wife, are on the left; Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Fryer on the right

We believe you will welcome this announcement



IT is very difficult for a leading West-End tailor like Bernard Weatherill Ltd. to announce to the World that its charges are much below the usual West-End standard. Yet we believe that in these days of enforced economy such information will be welcomed—welcomed by a large number of men who wish to reduce their tailoring commitments without sacrificing the personal gratification which they have enjoyed by having their clothes made in the West End. We would emphasize that clothes made by Bernard Weatherill bear that hall-mark of West-End distinction—the following charges speak for themselves.

Lounge Suits to measure from	6	guineas.		
Overcoats	...	"	6	guineas.
Plus Four Suits	...	"	7	guineas.
Dinner Jacket Suits	...	"	10	guineas.



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81, Cannon Street, E.C.4

BIRMINGHAM: 39, Cannon Street.

Branches at Ascot, Aldershot, Camberley.

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...yes—that one you say has the
true whisky flavour is

Dunville's IRISH WHISKY

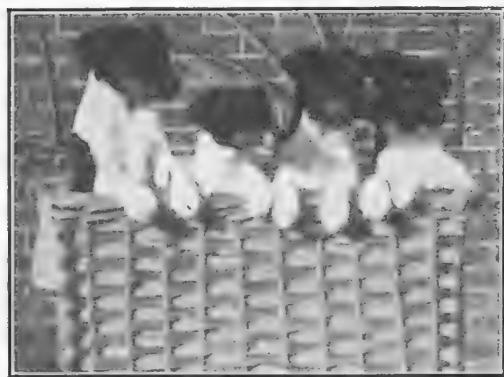


"...I'll get a case of it"

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

At the risk of repeating myself I must again remind members that the schedule of our Open Show goes to press on March 20, so those who are intending to help either with specials or guarantees must let Mrs. Trelawny know at once, while those who have not meant to help have still time to change their minds. Our Open Show ranks as one of the four big shows held in Great Britain, and it is the only big show run entirely by women. We are justly proud of its high reputation, and it should have the support of all women fanciers.

I should much like to know the reason why all the terriers who come from Scotland have short legs and rather long backs (I know I am treading on dangerous ground here—but they certainly originally had long backs), while the terriers from England all have long legs and short backs. Wales compromises; one of its two breeds of terriers has short backs and long legs, the other short legs and long backs. At first sight one would imagine short legs a drawback to rough work on hill-sides, but it is not the case; short-legged terriers can get anywhere, and climb when they cannot jump. I suppose the reason for the long legs of the English breeds of terriers is that they often had to follow a horse, which the Highland terriers certainly never had to do. Border terriers come from the south side of the Border evidently, and Dandies, who also hail from the Border, from the north side.



FOX-TERRIER PUPPIES
The property of Miss Pearson

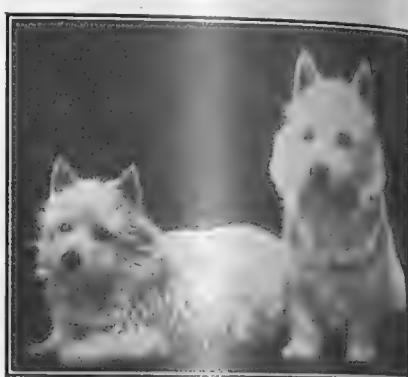


FRENCH BULLDOGS
The property of Mrs. Hopwood

picture of two of hers. She has done very well of late with them, the dog, Cooden Sirdar, being the sire of Cooden Stonechat, who won the certificate at Cruft's for Mrs. Pearson is moving, so wants to part with a certain number of dogs; she has two nice full-grown smooth fox-terriers, both prize winners. She has some young ones, of

which she sends an attractive snapshot. They are all very well bred and reared in the open. She also has some wires. Mrs. Stratton has a very nice white-haired lady for sale, cheap, and a very good deerhound, house-trained.

Of a different nature is the French bulldog; rough country walks don't appeal to him, but they don't to many of us. He is a thoroughly civilized dog of extreme intelligence, liking peaceful strolls and a comfortable fireside. His quaint face gives him a human expression, and "to see him is to love him." Mrs. Roberts sends a photograph of the beautiful and well-known team, the property of Mrs. Hopwood and herself. Anyone interested in French bulldogs should go and see them. Mrs. Townsend Green also has some well-bred ones of all ages for sale.



WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS
The property of Mrs. Druce

CHARMING SPOTS IN THE WEST COUNTRY



Glastonbury Abbey Ruins Somerset

These ruins of an abbey so old that its original beauty is unrecorded, stand in the well-watered grasslands of the West Country, from whence comes that delightful table delicacy St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. It is the only cheese ever awarded a gold medal by the International Medical Congress.

AIDS DIGESTION
Fresh up from Somerset every morning.

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YOUR FIGURE perfected by the

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ROYAL
CORSET

Women everywhere are enthusiastic over this latest super C.B. production . . . never before has a guinea corset created such a stir. Only the best materials are used in this luxury corset; fine quality silk broché, extra strong good-wearing elastic and lasting suspenders go to complete this new wonder corset. Cleverly designed by experts to emphasise the graceful rounded curves that fashion now demands, the "One One One" model nevertheless slims your figure to perfect proportions.

Stocked and recommended by all the leading ladies' outfitters everywhere. The thrill of a perfect figure (without discomfort) awaits you when you wear this new Court Royal Corset. Ask to see the "One One One" priced at

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This illustrated brochure (sent free on mentioning "The Tatler") is of particular interest to women who wish to improve their figure.

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What rapture as you bite through the coating of your Chocolats Le Chat d'Or! What will it be? Nougat Montelimart or Malaga Dessert? Café Crème or Curacao Cup? You recognise it, you revel in it—and the game continues. Not even Jove's nectar could tempt you once you have sampled the alluring contents of a box of

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receipt of P.O. Please name
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The Oxford and the Cambridge Assortments both at 5/- per lb. in 1, 2, & 4 lb. boxes. The Eton & Harrow both at 4/- per lb. packed similarly.

HEALTH

gets the best out of
LIFE



It is not necessarily cocktail-parties and late nights which ask of our constitutions that extra effort which our grandparents knew not. It's the daily round that none can avoid. It is an existence which is made up of fast travelling, hurried meals, wireless, telephones, aeroplanes and a hundred complications by which we aggregate more in a day than our counterparts of fifty years ago were able to do in a week, that raises difficulties. The Human System is, however, much the same. Given a fair chance, it will do its job as well as it did for our forbears—perhaps even better. That is, if it is treated properly and given a fair chance.



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to get the full benefit from your pleasures. Ready-prepared foods rob the human system of the essential nourishment necessary to keep you fit and well. Every one of us needs to supplement our normal diet in order to correct these deficiencies.

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2/-, 3/-, 6/- and (Family Size
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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Speed Research to Stop.

IT is becoming increasingly easy for Government departments to evade criticism. The daily newspapers place an unquestioning faith in the "official view," and the principle is adopted that the only events that can possibly be true are those which are confirmed by someone who is paid to prevent inquirers from obtaining the information they want. In this way there has been widespread publicity given to the report that a new and extensive programme of high-speed flying research work is to be undertaken. The French technical papers, accepting the statements in the English papers, have been repeating them and saying that Britain is continuing practical high-speed research. This is untrue. Practical high-speed research in the Royal Air Force was abandoned when it was decided to take no further official part in the Schneider Trophy race. The old high-speed flying section has been disbanded, and no more high-speed machines are being built. The only further work that is to be done is in the comparison of full scale with model tests, a necessary but abstract, almost academical, side issue. Naturally the existing machines will be flown again, for to throw them away would be inconvenient; but they will not give the chief sign of vitality which is the production of offspring. If this truth had received wide publicity there would have been strong adverse criticism of the Air Ministry. But instead the opposite to the truth was published. And it is to be noted that as the inaccuracies that appeared suited the authorities they issued no denials. The Air Ministry's policy ought to be recognised because it is already holding back development in a dangerous manner. Numerically Britain's air fleet comes fifth among the nations. In quality it is supreme. But if its quality begins to fall off the R.A.F. will forfeit the admiration and respect which it now claims, and will be in danger of becoming an inefficient adjunct to the other arms.

Results of Schneider Experience.

At present the R.A.F. is reaping the benefits of the work that was done in preparing for the former Schneider

Trophy races. The two Interceptor Fighters that have tied for first place in the tests that have been held recently to discover the best home defence machine, both show unmistakable signs of the influence of Schneider Trophy practice. The *Firefly* and the *Hornet* have the stream-line form that has been found successful in racing machines. In addition the water-cooled engine, its general form and lay-out due entirely to Schneider Trophy racing, has overcome the air-cooled engine for the first time in service history. The *Firefly* and the *Hornet* are certainly the fastest and quickest climbing service aircraft in existence. And they are both direct descendants of the Schneider Trophy racers. It seems almost incredible that, with the results of our participation in the race so vividly before them, the authorities should have decided to take no further part in it. I am of the opinion that people who are so incapable of relating cause and effect, or who, to take the only other possible view, are so careless of the efficiency of the force entrusted to their care, should be segregated and sterilised. Airships obtain support much more easily than high-speed research machines. Airships cost half-a-million each; their sheds cost £170,000 each; their mooring masts cost £70,000 each, and their running expenses, when operating to a mast amount to £600 a week. Yet proposals for further expenditure on airships are said to be contemplated by the Air Ministry. A sum of roughly half that required for a single shed for a single airship added to the indispensable expenses of normal research work would enable Great Britain to enter an official team for the Schneider Trophy race next year with a good chance of winning the trophy outright.



THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS' AIR-YACHT

The last word in air-cruiser marvels built to the order of the Hon. Ernest Guinness. She is a Supermarine metal monoplane, and her engines are three Siddeley Jaguars. Inside she is beautifully fitted, and has all the comforts of an ordinary yacht that sails the waters blue

Arctic Air Routes.

In two or three weeks' time it will be possible to make an interesting announcement about the development of Arctic air routes. The committee concerning itself in the survey of these routes is composed of Major Stephen Courtauld, Mr. August Courtauld, Mr. H. S. Watkins, and Captain Ralph Rayner. At present I have been asked to give no further details. Mr. Harry Harper has just produced a new book called "The Evolution of the Flying Machine." It embraces the balloon and airship as well as the aeroplane. Mr. Harper has been an eye-witness of many of the most important aeronautical events of the last twenty-five years.



"HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HORRIBLY CUT"

Wombwell Hall,
Nr. Gravesend, Kent.
Nov. 25th 1929

Dear Sirs, I enclose some negatives which I trust will be of interest.

A motor cyclist was crashed into me at the cross roads, and he shot off his bike hitting his head against the window, which happened to be up. Unfortunately he broke his leg, through the handle bars twisting it against the petrol tank. But as regards his forehead, there was no cut - only a large bruise over the eyebrows and he suffered intense headache for some days, which can hardly be wondered at.

If it had been ordinary glass he would have been horribly cut but Triplex glass prevented him "getting it in the neck".

If you wish to use this letter in any way please do so, but may I ask you to sign my initials. M.C.F.

Yours truly,
M.C.F.



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"Triplex" Regd.
-and be safe!**

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SPORTS JERKIN
in selected nappa
skins, soft and light
in weight. The collar
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same leather of a
deeper tone.
Colours: brown, dark
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Sizes 36 in., 38 in.
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GUINEAS

In Suède, 5 Gns.



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Allenbury's
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES Your Chemist stocks them

You
MAY GET
HUSKINESS
IN THE
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In tins
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Freshness & Energy Due to Phosferine

BRAND TONIC



Photo by Mabel Robey

MISS DOROTHY SEACOMBE,
the talented actress who plays a leading
part in "The Intimate Revue" at the
Duchess Theatre, writes:—

"WHEN I begin to have that 'rushed-off-my-feet' feeling I find that nothing helps me to 'keep in step' so much as a few doses of Phosferine Brand Tonic. I think the daily nerve-strain of continually performing before large audiences is far more exhausting than the fatigue of travelling, or frequent rehearsals, but in my case, day in, day out, with the invigorating help of Phosferine Tonic, I can always work with unflagging energy. So long as I have Phosferine Tonic handy to keep up my vitality, I don't worry over things or have any anxiety about feeling fresh and vivacious for my work. Most women workers will know how to appreciate the fact and the relief it is to have such timely assistance. Phosferine Tonic does more good for me than anything else."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.

Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—it Tones as it Cleanses! Aldwych

THE HOCKEY INTERNATIONAL



THE SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY TEAM

The names are: Seated—C. Kirkpatrick, G. W. McKay, A. C. Anderson (captain), F. Morris, and J. Dickson. Standing—W. E. Bryce, J. E. Brooks, T. M. Macnab, H. A. Knight, E. L. McLeod, and M. Kirkpatrick



THE WELSH INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY TEAM

The names are: Seated—A. H. Rocyn-Jones, J. Theophilus, Captain L. O. Roberts (captain), M. D. A. Evans, and G. Theophilus. Standing—G. Archer, R. S. Craig, W. R. Edwards, H. N. Jones, and T. L. Jones

Scotland beat Wales, 7 to 3, in the recent International tie at Gobourn, and made no change in their team for the match v. Ireland at Aberdeen on March 8, but Wales are re-sorting their team and play J. H. Lewis vice W. R. Edwards, and W. Sharpe is being brought in also. They meet England at Whitchurch on the 15th

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E 428 (above).—Pull-on Hat in Canvas Straw and Felt. In Black, Navy, Brown and Beige. Head sizes 22 ins., 22½ ins.

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E 431 (above).—Charming Hat of Bankok Canvas Straw and Felt. In Black, Navy, Brown, and Beige. Head sizes 22 ins., 22½ ins.

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E 432 (above).—Chic Cap and Scarf in fine Tweed, threaded with Straw. Head sizes 22 ins., 22½ ins.

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COMPLETE,

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Hats, Blouses, Lingerie,
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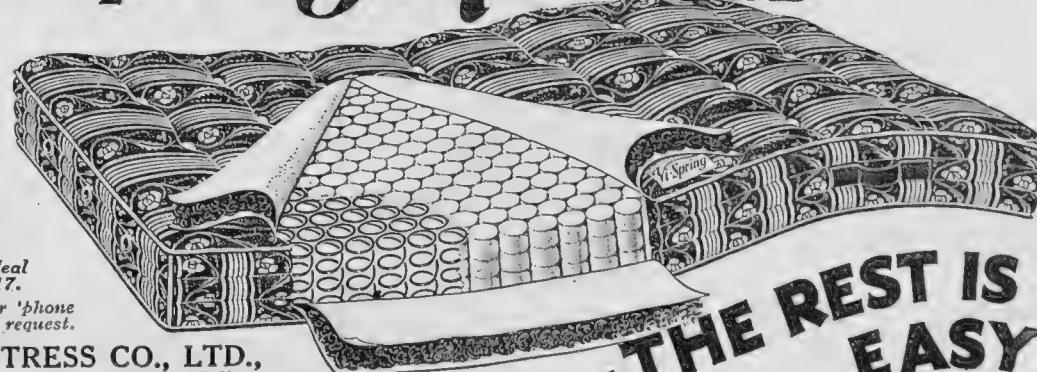
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THE surest way of winning deep, healthful slumber is by sleeping upon a Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress. For over 25 years this luxurious mattress has been acknowledged as the acme of bed comfort, its soft, resilient springs dispensing a sense of restful ease quite unobtainable on its cheap and ineffective imitators. When purchasing look for the registered name "Vi-Spring."

See Stand, No. 48, Main Hall, Ground Floor, Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, March 24—April 17.

Sold by all leading House Furnishers. Write or 'phone Willesden 2318, for illustrated Catalogue, sent free on request.

THE MARSHALL PATENT MATTRESS CO., LTD.,
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**-THE REST IS
EASY**

Petrol Vapour—cont.

allow that kind of thing in Eastbourne (though they had to accept mackintosh bathing), and the civic authorities (or it may have been the police) promptly squashed the proposition. But the amateur and very expert traffic controller is still there, or was the last time I went down to regale myself at the excellent Cavendish.

The Trap.

Now this will just show you how an irresponsible pen will run away with itself and defeat the best intentions of the writer. All the above is really only a preamble to a quite tiny but quite true story, the purpose of which was to demonstrate, not the usefulness of the sane amateur traffic-cop, but his possible danger. A pal-o'-mine, coming this very day to lunch with me, was stopped at a cross-road by two boys, who signalled that another car was coming along. This latter they then proceeded, for some moments, to "wave on" with great activity. Well of course there wasn't another car at all, so this pal-o'-mine had to pull up and wait quite a time all for nothing. And the boys hugely enjoyed the joke. Now in getting away he stalled his engine, and this circumstance suggested that he might get his own back. He played the old trick—I worked it myself in 1899. He opened his bonnet, and, impelled by curiosity, the lads drew near. Then he gave them a high-tension lead apiece to hold very tightly . . . and put a firm thumb upon the starter button. These ignition coils kick like a horse, especially if, being keen on helping the poor motorist, you are leaning against the front wing or fondling the mascot on the radiator. So that was that, and it is all well enough so far as it goes. But my pal says, with perfectly good sense, that having once been fooled by an amateur traffic-control station he will instinctively distrust such things in future. It is like some of our ridiculous



MISS MAXWELL AND ADMIRAL SIR PERY AND LADY GRANT

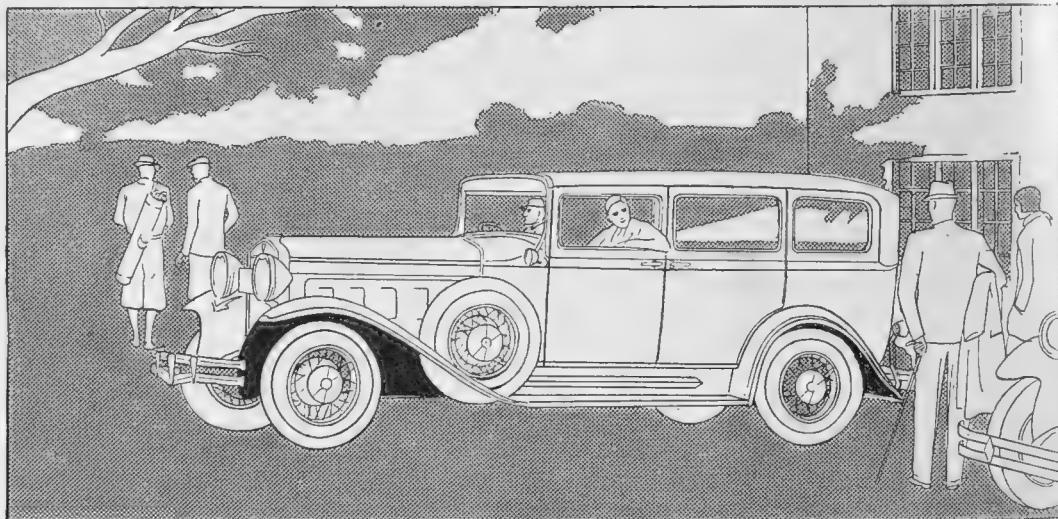
At Hyères last week. Sir Percy Grant, after a very distinguished active-service record from the Egyptian War onwards to Jutland and afterwards, was at one time Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station and Admiral-Superintendent Portsmouth Dockyard. Miss Maxwell is a daughter of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the famous author

road-signs. They so often mark places which are absolutely free from danger that the average motorist disregards them altogether. And again, one gets the horrid thought (I would set no limit to what the modern urchin can do) that one might be invited to buzz over a cross-road when there was a thumping great lorry coming along. Hence the desirability of a badge. Meantime the offended motorist might do worse than carry a nimble cane, though I suppose if he used it on the practical joker he'd get run in for assault. You can't even dust a boy's pants nowadays.

Functions.

The other day I attended a very pleasant little ceremony, organised in characteristically charming fashion by Shaw and Kilburn, to mark the introduction of the new series of Hudson and Essex cars. And very fine jobs they are, too. The Hudson is now a Straight-Eight, and I would not ask for a sturdier or more practical chassis. The detail work throughout, and especially in the various styles of standardised body-work, is truly striking, and when one sees the prices of these cars it is difficult to understand how the thing can be done; but I shall defer further remarks upon the Hudson until I have given it a thorough road trial, which I expect to be doing very shortly. Another function celebrated the forthcoming of the new Junior Triumph motor-cycle. As a rule two-wheelers leave me rather cold, for I am too old and too fat and too nervous to bestride them. But this mount made me distinctly more than lukewarm. A complete machine in every way, and with Triumph quality at every point it sells at a little under £25. This must be regarded as a really brilliant achievement. I expect that before long that gallant little engine will be happily purring away in all the countries of the earth, and doing its bit towards re-establishing British prosperity. Coventry can do wonderful things when it really tries.

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HUDSON Super 8

It does not take long in a Hudson Super 8 to realise how different a car it is. You may have experienced such acceleration before (in a high powered sports car), but never such acceleration with such smoothness and such silence: and never in such luxurious surroundings. It is a thrill you should experience.

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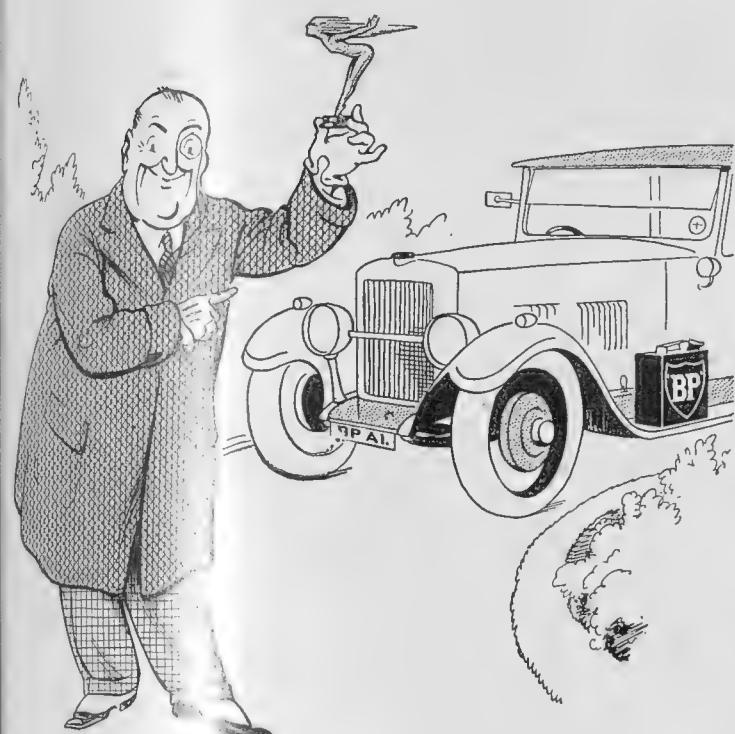
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"I'm givin' my old 'bus a treat~
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It's the first 'miss' you see
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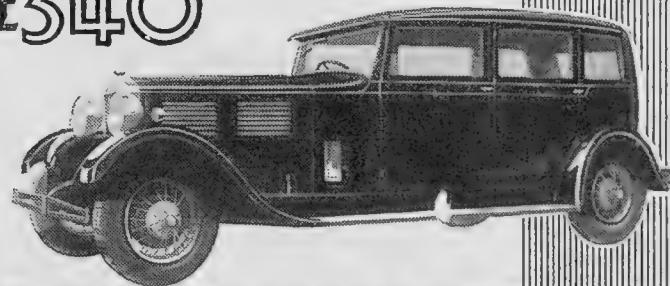
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Standard

The dissipation of energies, whether they be physical or mental, makes a short cut to failure; concentration, on the other hand, leads straight to success.

That is why the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., have decided to concentrate the whole of their organisation on the production of two famous models—the '9' and the 6-cyl. Each of these two models is offered by the manufacturers with supreme confidence, and the demand that each is already enjoying is a clear proof that the public, too, have quickly assessed their merits

..... but remember, concentration, where the Standard is concerned, does not mean "mass-production"—there will still be that "craftsmanship" construction with every model Standard produced, and which has always been inseparably associated with all Standard cars. There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist. Drop us a line to-day.

London: Special Distributing Agents:

46-50, Park Lane, W.1.
297-9, Euston Road, N.W.1Wholesale Depot:
Balderton Street,
Oxford Street, W.1.

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley Works, Coventry.

Motor Notes and News

The Maidstone Motor Show, organized by Rootes, Ltd., and held at their show rooms in the Kentish capital, has become an event of considerable importance. Now in its tenth year it can fairly be described as an Olympia in miniature, with an emphasis upon the fact that all the vehicles exhibited are of strictly British origin. There are to be sections devoted to Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam, Austin, and Standard cars, of each of which a complete range will be on view including many features, particularly in connection with body designs, that have been introduced since the Olympia Show. An incidental attraction is a daylight cinema which will depict certain cars in process of manufacture and test as well as taking part in exciting racing events. This in itself should be an amazing and novel attraction to the enthusiastic motorist. No one has ever thought of it before, and it is an extremely happy idea and well worthy of imitation in other and more august quarters. The Show is open from March 17 to March 22.



A STAR WITH HER "KNIGHT"

Our illustration shows Miss Anita Page, the popular film star of "Broadway Melody," with her Willys-Knight 66B, coupé



NEARING CAPE TOWN

During December and January last Messrs. Rootes', Ltd., South African representative, Mr. Leon, undertook a tour of the Union in a 16/80-h.p. Humber. This British car, he declares, is admirably suited to South African conditions

Captain John P. Black, who until recently was joint managing director of the Hillman Motor Company for a number of years, has now joined the board of directors of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd. He is taking up an executive position in the latter organization. All who know Captain Black's capabilities and past experience will appreciate how much stronger the Standard Company's position will be made by his active co-operation.

The Concours d'Elégance held at Cannes recently proved a veritable triumph for Rolls-Royce cars. Some really magnificent cars of all makes were on view, and the results are interesting. A Sedan de Ville Phantom II Rolls-Royce was judged the best (Grande Prix d'Honneur), a Rolls-Royce tied for second place, another Rolls-Royce was third, whilst Mr. P. Brookbank's Rolls-Royce was fourth. The last-mentioned car, incidentally, was the first in a recent rally at Cannes, which fact shows how strong was the competition. Rolls-Royce cars were also placed sixth and tenth. Practically every known luxury car was represented in this contest.

Warwick Wright Says

WHAT CONSTITUTES A 1930 CAR?

STUTZ incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive, making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since.

Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

All these great points are in the STUTZ and the BLACK HAWK.

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"You who seek more efficiency, safety and comfort in your motoring, can put your confidence in me too. I guarantee all my fitments. Ask your garage man about them."



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Electric motor driven. Uniform movement irrespective of engine speed. Small and silent, using very little current, 6 or 12 volt.
With one arm £1 15 0
With two arms £2 2 6

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Arm rises at turn of a switch and falls automatically after 10 seconds. 6 or 12 volt.

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YOUR CAR WILL BE

BETTER FOR BOSCH

THE RETURN OF THE TABLE-CLOTH

Flowers Must Harmonise with the Table-cloth.

HERE has been a cloud hanging over the table-cloth during the past few years; now it has passed away! This is undoubtedly due to the beautiful damasks and table napery in general that the great linen manufacturers have created. There are still many hostesses who cling to the cloth of snowy whiteness, but every day more are joining the ranks of those who are fascinated with soft pastel shades mingled with the white. Attention to detail is everything to-day, therefore the fashionable hostess chooses her flowers to harmonise with her cloths. Pale pink is blended with white when carnations are used, while with daffodils yellow comes to the fore. Should it not be possible to find matching flowers, the clever woman selects a table-cloth with a lovely green stripe and uses quantities of foliage when arranging her flowers.

Alliance of Artificial Silk and Coloured Damask.

There are some beautiful table-cloths at William Coulson and Sons'. Standing out with prominence in their collection is one trimmed with real filet lace which is suitable for a refectory table. Another shows the glory of Italian mosaic work. Furthermore there are many lovely artificial silk and coloured damask table-cloths for lunch and dinner; they are guaranteed fast colours and are endowed with an elusive

lustrous effect which is retained after frequent washing. Some of the double damask table-cloths have satin stripe borders.

For Tea, Cocktails, and Bridge.

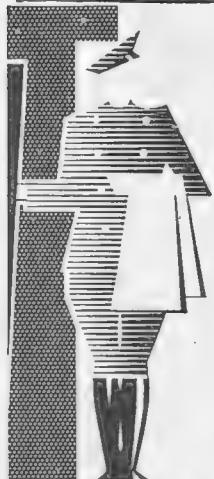
William Coulson and Sons are nothing if not enterprising! They are to be warmly congratulated on the linen sets portrayed this page. They are for tea, cocktails, and bridge, with napkins to match. They are available in a variety of colour schemes. The linen bridge set, consisting of one cloth and four napkins, is 11s. 6d.; the cocktail set is 39s. 6d.; and the tea set is 24s. 6d. It must not be imagined that table-mats have suffered a complete eclipse, as hostesses with highly-polished

tables do not like to conceal their beauty. Here there are real filet table-sets of cream linen, others of cream linen with coloured borders, while a decided novelty are the sheer coloured French linen hand-made luncheon-sets relieved with touches of embroidery. All interested in the subject of beautiful linens must at the earliest opportunity visit the salons of William Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street, W. Should distance or other circumstances prevent a visit, the profusely illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free. It is an ideal book of reference regarding linens.



Picture by Blake Studios

There is something different about these linen sets from William Coulson and Sons', 105, New Bond Street, W. The embroidery indicate the occasions on which they are destined to be used, viz., at tea, bridge, and cocktail parties



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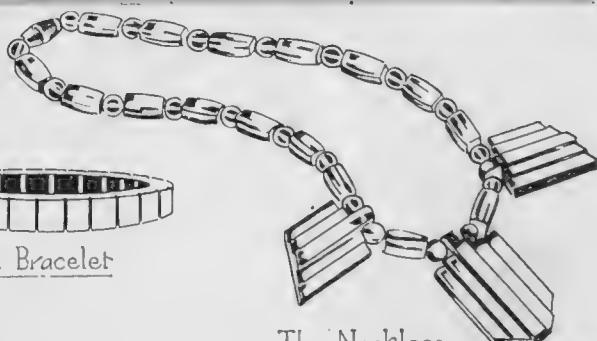
Model Gown Salon,
Second Floor.



The Ring



The Bracelet



The Necklace

London

Selridge & Co., Ltd.

Thus Said Calum the Keeper—cont.

"I'm beholdin' tae neither of you," says I, makin' for the door again.

"Stop!" says Andrew. "There are forms to be observit. In due course, nae doot, ye will be able to prove that the pent is your ain lawfu' gear; but in the meantime, it is sequestre to the estate o' the deceased."

"Which belongs to me," says Andrew.

"Ye're a leear; it belongs tae me," says Geordie.

"They baith rose up oot o' their chairs the same moment o' time, an' stood glowering at each other, an inch between their noses, and the hair o' their heids bristling—fine examples o' kindly charity!"

Feeling that Calum was about to get the better of the argument I remained silent.

"Then Andrew took a document out of his pocket. 'Perpend to this,' says he. But Georgie drew a paper out o' his pouch as well. 'If ye'll listen to this,' says he.

"They both read them at once, shouting the words the aye at the ither. They were lawfu' sounding documents, and they stated that in consideration of a guid breakfast (frae the one), and a het dinner (frae the other), the said Davie Wright, being in full possession o'



HUNTING PERSONALITIES IN IRELAND

A group taken at the Manor of St. John, when the Waterford met at Mrs. J. R. Russell's home. Left to right: Mrs. Russell, her son, Mr. Dick Russell, M.F.H., Mrs. Dick Russell, Mrs. Hall, David Hudson, and Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Russell's daughter, who returns to Ceylon this month. Mrs. Dick Russell is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Seckham of Lisnegar, Co. Cork, and a great-niece of Sir Villiers Forster, M.F.H. Her husband became Joint Master of the Waterford in 1927

his faculties, left his estate to the said beneficiary, that is, Andrew in the one case and Geordie in the other.

"We'll see which o' the documents has legal force," says Andrew.

"That we will," says Geordie. "There was a shadow in the doorway by this time, and there was the Laird o' Tullies, lookin' at them baith an' smilin' tae himself."

"Ye may take it from me guid sirs," he said, "that there is but ae thing that holds in baith these testaments."

"An' what may that be?" said they.

"That the testator was in full possession o' his senses" said the Laird. "But as for the cottage, it was never Davie's; time oot o' mind it has belonged to the Tullies, wham estate."

"The auld midwife had just put twa pennies in the een o' the corpse, an' as sure as death, as the Laird spoke those words, an' the coppers fell awa', an' then the auld Davie lay, with one eye open an' the other eye closed, as if he was wakin' at the Laird an' me."

A novel called "Vallejo Kitty" was in fact withdrawn before publication and never issued. Our reviewer was not aware of the book's withdrawal. Hence the appearance of a notice of a book never actually on the market.

AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with 'Nell Gwynn' Decorative Candles. Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape, and the clarity with which they burn. In drawing room, hall or study, their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table, they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.



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Solid Dyed Candles for Burning and Decorating

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Soap, Fragrant Perfume
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You really should try it.

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Illustrated catalogue free on request

The style illustrated is No. E 1599 in Nutria Glace and Lizard, One-Bar style with medium Louis Heel. Price 55/- per pair. Also obtainable in Patent Leather and Black Lizard (No. E 1809, price 50/- per pair).

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You listen to that famous voice coming to you from the corner of the room, quite unconsciously, of the modern science which brings it to your home; quite forgetting that it is merely a gramophone record played on the Varley Radio-Gramophone. For there is the soul of the singer in the music; clear treble, powerful bass, perfectly balanced — every note with the colour, the vitality of real music, brought to your fireside by the Varley Radio-Gramophone.

A touch of the switch, and you are transported to the present. Programmes from half the stations in Europe come crowding in upon you as your fingers move over the dial; life itself transported across the ether to your home by the Varley Radio-Gramophone.

The Varley Radio-Gramophone will live, bringing to you the glorious life of real music, the vibrant tones of speech, with a reality you cannot imagine until it has been demonstrated.

Ask your dealer or see it at the 'Ideal Home' Exhibition, March 24th—April 17th.

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RADIO-GRAMOPHONE
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Section A of the Varley 1930 Catalogue gives full particulars.

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LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for a poor woman who for twenty years has worked early and late to support and nurse her invalid husband. They had a small house in a watering-place in the North and let apartments during the season. Some months ago, after a severe illness, her husband died, leaving her almost penniless to face bills for doctors, drugs, etc. She paid up all these debts and hoped to have a good season, but unfortunately it was a failure, and for weeks her rooms were empty. Their only son had a good post in British Guiana before the War; he travelled 1,000 miles to join up and served through the Gallipoli campaign. After his discharge he bought a partnership, which turned out to be a failure, and all his savings were lost. Now he can just support himself. The widow has pinched and scraped to meet her rent, and just managed to pay it, but now the rates are due! She is terrified of losing her home and is starving herself in order to avert this. We plead for £13 for her; with this sum we could pay up her rates and quarter's rent, so lessening her most pressing worries and giving her time to re-let her rooms.

* * *

A recital will be given by M. Jan Kubelik on Tuesday, March 18, in aid of the funds of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End at the People's Palace. Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously consented to give her patronage to this concert. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. T. Arthur Russell, 70, Wigmore Street, W. 1.

* * *

An exhibition which will interest all who follow the progress in the development of ocean-going vessels, is to be seen at the West-end office of the Orient Line, 14, Cockspur Street. This exhibition takes the form of a delightful series of old prints and water-colours by famous artists, among them Mr. W. L. Wylie and Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and illustrate various stages of progress in the means of communication between England and Australia. It is a far cry from the old sailing-vessels of 1853 to the oil-burning floating palaces of to-day. Even the vessels of twenty years ago seem quaint in comparison with, for example, the S.S. *Orontes*, one of the new 20,000-ton ships of the Orient Line. The speeding-up of Empire communication is graphically shown in this exhibition.



MISS MARGARET CAMPBELL FOR "RIO RITA"

The American musical comedy which has already had a London run in its film form will shortly be produced at the new Prince Edward Theatre after a trial run at Southampton. In the cast with Miss Margaret Campbell, who had a big success in "Mercenary Mary," is Miss Edith Day

Mr. A. E. Manning Foster, the eminent authority on bridge, has just written a most useful and compact 48-page book giving hints on auction and contract bridge, which is designed to fit conveniently into the waistcoat pocket or into a lady's handbag. The chapters on bidding and on play, and illustrative "auction" hands are very clear and comprehensive, whilst the parts dealing with "contract" will be found exceptionally serviceable and topical, especially the notes regarding the manner of scoring and the penalties. A who issue this book, are to be congratulated on their enterprise in producing a companion to "Golfing Hints" which last year created a popular demand in all parts of the world. It only remains to add that readers may obtain a free copy of "Bridge Hints" by writing to the head office of the company at 1, Dale Street, Liverpool, and mentioning this paper.

* * *

"Holiday Haunts, 1930," published by the Great Western Railway, is now in its twenty-fifth year, and 200,000 copies have been printed to meet the demand of the holiday-maker for the forthcoming season. The book has been entirely re-written by Maxwell Fraser, and appears in a handsomely coloured cover depicting a typical holiday scene at a holiday resort. The publication gives complete information to the hundreds of resorts served by the Great Western Railway, as it contains about 8,500 addresses of hotels, boarding houses, apartments, farm-houses, etc., as well as hundreds of photogravure illustrations which add the beauty and interest of the book, which is a volume this year of 1,040 pages. "Holiday Haunts" can be obtained, price 6d., at all Great Western Railway stations, offices, agencies, and bookstalls; it can be ordered through the trade booksellers; it will be sent to any address by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway Paddington Station, W. 2, upon application accompanied by a remittance.

* * *

In our issue of January 29 last we published a photograph of Miss Mary Lee, stating that she was secretary of the Pilgrims of Great Britain and business secretary of the American Officers' Club. We understand that this description was incorrect, and we wish to apologise for any annoyance or inconvenience which has been caused.

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BE FASHIONABLE.
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DRINK "MADEIRA"
THEY knew what was good.

Your Dinner Party
is incomplete
without a glass
of MADEIRA
at DESSERT.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot

water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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bound Petersham
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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN



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miles. To Spain, Portugal, Tunis,
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 "HOLLYWOOD . . . FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
 "GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
 "MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS" by Lord Birkenhead
 "TOUTING" by May Edginton
 "WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
 "THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
 "MEIN SCHATZ" by Geoffrey Moss
 "WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
 "WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
 "FRENCH, GERMAN AND DANISH NOVELS—AND AN ENGLISH ONE" by Arnold Palmer
 "ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by Sydney Tremayne
 "I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull
 "FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," painted by F. Metania, R.I.
 THE FUN FAIR
 "FOUR SPRING RECIPES" by Catherine Ives
 "CASSEROLE COOKERY" by Catherine Ives
 "THE DESERTED CITY" by Cosmo Hamilton
 "FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
 "I'M A DREAMER—AREN'T WE ALL?"

A TELEGRAM FROM PARIS ON THE LATEST FASHIONS
 THREE PRACTICAL STYLES FOR SPRING DAYS
 MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT IN THE NURSERY
 "MONOGRAMS" by Marion Dorn
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 "THE GLASS AGE" by Wilma Bernhard
 "GADGETS"
 "THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER . . . IN PARIS" by Mary Pandos
 AN ATTRACTIVE COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING
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 "NEW LEGS FOR OLD"
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Peter Dawson, although still in his prime, is one of the veteran recording artists of the world. His grand voice has celebrated the glories of the sea and storm and the open road. His keen ear readily appreciates the improvements in sound reproduction which “His Master’s Voice” have made. Here are a few of his outstanding Records.

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Song of the Flea—Oh! my Warriors
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